

THE
ADVENTURES

OF AN
AUTHOR.

WRITTEN BY
HIMSELF AND A FRIEND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON,
Printed for ROBINSON and ROBERTS, N^o 25,
in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLXVII.

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CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

The Coffee-house Chapter. Page 1

CHAP. II.

The author takes another tumble in love with his former flame. Renews his addresses to her in the epistolary way --being a standard for all love-letters whatever. 8

CHAP. III.

A RHAPSODY—in the manner of MYSELF. 15

CHAP. IV.

An uncommon visit at a critical time, which produces a scene quite out of the com-

ii CONTENTS.

common road, between a Gentleman Poet, and a supposed Critic—very proper to be read by all writers of fashion, whose works have been severely handled in either of the Reviews. 24

CHAP. V.

Some account of the Vergers Club at Charing-cross—their imaginary employments, and real vocation and avocations: very necessary to be known by every genius who may chance to take lodgings in Scotland-yard, or its environs. 30

CHAP. VI.

The man of pleasure dissected, in the character of FUTILIO. 37

CHAP. VII.

His disappointment at Bristol; embarks there for Jamaica; some account of his voyage. 44

CHAP.

CONTENTS. III

CHAP. VIII.

An engagement between captain Wilson's vessel and two Spanish ships—his gallant defence, but is at last obliged to strike—the Spaniards behaviour to captain Wilson and his people. 50

CHAP. IX.

The friendship Atall meets with from his namesake; the cause of a most disagreeable change in his situation, and the small prospect of recovering his liberty. 63

CHAP. X.

Mr. SMITH's tragical story. 71

CHAP. XI.

An uncommon accident that promotes their delivery, in which Atall is particularly active. They all make their

IV CONTENTS.

their escape, with the circumstances attending it. 84

CHAP. XII.

The sequel to their escape, and the ingratitude of the late prisoners to Atall. 101

CHAP. XIII.

Is again taken prisoner—exchanged by cartel—arrives in England—meets with Hyper, who, notwithstanding his good fortune, behaves very cool—receives an uncommon and agreeable letter—at length discovers the author—embarks for Hamburg—engages in partnership with a Polish Jew.

123

CHAP. XIV.

A short comment upon Dame-fortune, and her treatment of Atall in Germany

CONTENTS. v

*many—An adventure at Altena,
with some account of its inhabitants
—His uncommon distress.* 130

CHAP. XV.

*The assistance he meets with from the
English factory at Hamburg—
Justice inflicted upon the Jew—
Jack's arrival in England—the death
of Fanny—an agreeable prospect, soon
clouded—resumes his former voca-
tion—the advice of a bookseller con-
cerning subscriptions.* 138

CHAP. XVI.

*Subscription-hunting illustrated; with
some characters in real life, and
many genuine occurrences. The un-
common distress of a petitioning au-
thor, &c. &c. &c.* 145

CHAP.

vi CONTENTS.

CHAP. XVII.

The history of the amiable Miss Louisa T——. 153

CHAP. XVIII.

A regular course of authorship—with a few observations that, it is to be hoped, are more pertinent than impertinent. 161

CHAP. XIX.

Mr. Atall's excursion to Bath, his acquaintance with Quin and bean Nash—A few modern characters highly coloured. 166

CHAP. XX

A journey to London, attended with some uncommon calamities, and some unusual incidents. 177

CHAP.

CONTENTS. vii

CHAP. XXI.

Mr. Atall falls in company with a methodist preacher, a sceptic butcher, and a Romish missionary. A warm dispute upon metaphysics, when immaterialism, at length, becomes very material, and terminates in a dangerous conflict, which leads to the watch-house, the justice's next morning, Bridewell, &c. 182

CHAP. XXII.

Methodism displayed in a real anecdote. Mr. Atall's success as a religious writer; is deterred from the pursuit. An unexpected change in his affairs. 190

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Some reflections that, however pertinent, will not be expected in this place succeeded by a sudden denouement very different from the common run of languid Novels. 196

CHAP. XXIV.

Being the conclusive chapter. 201

CHAP. XXV.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF AN
AUTHOR.

CHAP. I.

The Coffee-house Chapter.

AT this instant Tom Dapperwit entered, and, looking at my title, told me he had hit upon the best pun in the world, and proposed the following amendment—*The Coffee-house Chapter—or the Chapter Coffee-house.*

But I informed him that he did not comprehend my drift, as I did not

Vol. II. the B

propose confining it to any particular coffee-house:—Tom shook his head—seemed a good deal nettled that I did not adopt his pun, and wished me good morning; when I proceeded as follows—

Jack, having yet had no tidings of Fanny, patrolled the whole city in quest of intelligence concerning her; he popped his head into every coffee-house from Aldgate to Hyde-park-corner, and if he had had time to take minutes of every thing he heard in these incursions, it would have made the oddest medley that was perhaps ever penned—it would not be unlike reading the Daily Advertiser diagonally, or the common-place-book of a miscellaneous-writer.

The prices of meat at Whitechapel, the sailing and clearing of ships at the Customhouse, the rise and fall of stocks in the Alley, the state of the theatres

theatres at Temple-bar, criticism in Covent-garden, politics in St. Martin's-lane, promotions and changes at Whitehall, cards and horse-racing at St. James's, and stage-coaches and flies in Piccadilly, formed one great jumble of conversation, which alternately assailed Jack's ears, without leaving any great impression on his mind.

At length harrassed in the fruitless pursuit, he took repose in a certain nameless coffee-house, where dosing upon his irreparable loss and most melancholy state, the following dialogue took place, and would probably by its soporific quality have made him join the conversation with a sneer, if the most vehement speaker had not, by the energy of his argument, roused him to attention.

Orator 1st. To my certain knowledge, he has at this very time three translations, two novels, a folio bible,

and a new comedy all upon the stocks—

Orator 2d. I tell you Profound is a greater writer by three and twenty volumes; do not I know it?—have not I a share in all his works?

Orator 3d. That may be; but Flighty, Sir, keeps at this time two amanuensis, and three presses constantly going, and is employed by every man in the Row.—Nobody is cleverer at a political pamphlet—an elegy—a couple of *neat pockets*—

Orator 2d. But you know Mr. — this is not the time for politics or poetry—a good bawdy novel—a jest-book, or the statutes at large, are the only things that sell. Then again there's parson System—who writes more than him? he'd be a very honest fellow, if he did not publish for himself.

The

The conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Flighty and Mr. Profound in a distant box, who from very declamatory argumentation were at length come to blows—For sometime the conflict was doubtful; but Profound having at length been knocked against the boiling coffee-pot, and overset it, a scamper ensued, in which those who were nearest the fire underwent a pretty severe scalding; as to Mr. Profound, his face and hands were likely to bear testimony of the accident for some time.

Upon enquiring into the cause of this misunderstanding, it appeared that Mr. Profound was upon the point of closing his scheme for a new sinking fund; whereby he was not only to pay off the present national debt, but prevent any in future, by making ample provision for all succeeding wars, &c. &c. and being deeply en-

gaged in his last grand calculation, Mr. Flighty interrupted him with the perusal of the capital scene, which he had just finished, for his new comedy, that was to be presented the succeeding week to the manager. Mr. Profound in vain set forth the great and national importance of his present labour—how impatiently the many were waiting for its being compleated; Mr. Flighty still persevered in reading and pointing out the many beautiful and elegant strokes which he had discovered in his new production, till at length Mr. Profound's patience being exhausted, he told Mr. Flighty he was a very stupid fellow; and that his comedy was like all the rest of his works, only fit to be dedicated to Cloacina: whereupon Flighty took up the Sinking Fund, and threw the whole national debt, with all its compound interest into the fire, where it

was

was presently destroyed—So capital and irreparable a loss to Mr. Profound could not be borne, had he been possessed of the patience of Job; and therefore taking a bowl of punch, which belonged to a stranger, that stood upon the table, he flung it at Flighty, and Flighty returned the assault with the leaden ink-horn.

Such was the rise and progress of this literary quarrel, which is not however yet terminated, as Mr. Profound has commenced an action against Flighty, for destroying his property, and as he considers it of a general and national concern, he doubts not but an English jury will give him very ample damages; and Flighty, on his part, finding himself likely to be a loser, has parried this action, with another for assault and battery; so that this affair is likely to be determined in Westminster-hall.

C H A P. II.

The author takes another tumble in love with his former flame. Renews his addresses to her in the epistolary way —being a standard for all love-letters whatever.

WHEN Jack had given up all hopes of recovering Fanny, he thought he was at least intitled to the remainder of her wardrobe, and therefore without any scruple applied it to his own use; by which means he made a somewhat more decent appearance in public, and was not without hopes of thereby raising his price with his bookseller: but the precedents that he had himself established were constantly produced against him, and the only satisfaction he found, was to be told that he was better paid, and
dressed

ressed more like a gentleman than many authors of much superior abilities:

Though this remonstrance ran directly counter to his interest, it was not in such perfect opposition to his vanity: Jack, in his most direful state of shabbiness, never could conceive that the gentleman was quite extinguished in him—there was a *something* in the air—a *je-ne-scai-quoi* in the gait, which in his opinion supplied the place of elegance, and conveyed to every spectator the idea of (*fallen*) grandeur. The suffrage of so complete a judge as his bookseller at this juncture greatly corroborated his own, especially as the addition which Fanny's wardrobe had communicated to his, so strongly operated as to urge him to make a higher demand for his lucubrations.

His ambition rekindled upon looking in the glass, and he resolved no

longer to remain the hidden recluse his misfortunes had made him for fourteen months. He walked in the Park at polite hours, dropped in at the play just as the entertainment was finished, took a pint at the Blue Posts or the Black Dog, and recovered his importance in the world of gallantry.

We have had no occasion to talk of Miss Leb—— for a long while; yet she was neither dead, nor married;— Jack saw her one night in the front box (*at the close of the play*) when he was in the pit, and fancied he caught a glance from her radiant eye. It, however, kindled every fond idea in his breast, and he went home as deeply enamoured, as when he (*had like to have*) fought a duel for her in Hyde-park. His pillow afforded no repose— all was anarchy and confusion; till he poured out his agonies on paper, which he

he did early in the morning in the following epistle.

“ Divinest of your Sex !”

“ Were I not convinced of the
 “ sublimity of your sentiments, which
 “ despises every thing fordid, mean,
 “ and base, I should not dare at this
 “ time to address you in writing: but
 “ a noble soul, above the little con-
 “ temptible blandishments of wealth,
 “ knows how to prefer merit to
 “ riches, and happiness to pageantry.
 “ I have still a heart to offer you, my
 “ dear Miss, as undefiled as ever: if
 “ misfortunes have rendered me less
 “ conspicuous in the eyes of gaiety,
 “ than when I had the felicity of
 “ personally declaring to you how
 “ much I adored you, they have not
 “ contaminated my sentiments, but
 “ taught me to look above the vani-
 ties.”

“ ties of this little terrestrial speck,
 “ and soar to far more elevated desires.
 “ Yet in despite of philosophy, thou
 “ art still lovely, still adorable, still
 “ irresistible——

“ Surely in framing thee heaven took unusual care;
 “ Like its own beauty it design’d thee fair;
 “ And form’d thee by the best lov’d angel there.

“ In vain do I study the revolution of
 “ planets, and endeavour to explore
 “ unthought of worlds, I incessantly
 “ cry out with Romeo——

“ Hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can
 “ make a Juliet.

“ I could write a volume to tell the
 “ anxiety of my mind, the perturbation
 “ of my spirits; in a word, the
 “ ardour, the purity of my passion——
 “ I live but to idolize you.—I saw
 “ you last night more beautiful than
 “ ever, yet deign to cast one thought,

“ to

“to spare one line, upon the most
 “ardent, the most sincere, yet the
 “most wretched of your admirers,”

“ John Atall.”

All that this epistle, elaborate as Jack thought it, produced was only *hope*—he waited four and twenty long hours in expectation of an answer, and at length entered into a profound *reverie* upon the amorous passion.

As we believe that Mr. Atall had a design of transmitting his thoughts to posterity upon this subject, and as the reader may be curious to know in what manner he wrote, we shall present him with his curious piece, in the writer's own words, being careful that not so much as a point of interrogation, or a note of admiration, is misplaced ; as for commas, semicolons, colons, and points, they must
 take

take their chance—though we are sensible that, by some nice critics, we shall be severely censured for this remissness.

John Mill

All that this classic, elaborate, and
 thick thought, produced was only
 pop—be waited four and twenty long
 hours in expectation of an answer,
 and at length entered into a profound
 reverie upon the antinous passion.
 As we believe that Mr. Ash had
 a design of making his thoughts
 to poetry upon the subject, and as
 the reader may be curious to know
 in what manner he wrote, we shall
 present him with his various pieces, in
 the writer's own words, being care-
 fully translated into such as a point of
 interrogation, or a note of admiration,
 is misplaced; as for commas, let
 them, and poetry, they must
 take

CHAP. III.

A RHAPSODY — *in the manner of*
MYSELF.

HERE I am then — two shirts, one handkerchief, half a night-cap, and a pair of stockings; a coat, waistcoat, and almost a pair of breeches, with a hat, and a pair of shoes that call aloud for soles, make up the catalogue of my wardrobe — the inventory of my goods and chattels: — no, I lie, Dyche's Dictionary, without covers, and two magazines, constitute my library. That I am not very well is most certain — but that I am not very ill, is likewise sure — for if a good appetite is a symptom of health, I have it very strong upon me, and this same symptom will, I am afraid, cost me as much as some others would of an

opposite

opposite sort. What a curse it is that authors must eat—and were not born mice or nanny-goats, that they might feed upon their own productions, and leave no waste-paper for the world to discover their infirmities by. Appetites! — passions! — desires! Strange unaccountable things to be found in beings that have not the means of gratifying them. Had I been a frog, I might have been a fortnight in the act of copulation, without my vigor, bliss, or fortune being diminished—As it is, I cannot compass a shilling Venus for half an hour, without laying my estate under heavy contributions, running the risk of Cytherean fears, and wanting a dinner!—but love, thou irresistible, incomprehensible, invisible power, who tyrannically reignest over all human beings, and unhuman beings too, in the name of wonder what art thou? shall I say with the Catechist

chist, in the play? "Love is I know
 "not what, it comes I know not
 "how, and goes I know not where."
 No, a philosopher scorns such vague
 determinations—let me fathom the
 matter to its profoundest depth—let
 me consider the good and ill effects
 of this same passion——In a word,
 since I cannot get a dinner without
 pawning my shirt, I'll e'en pawn an
 hour, and make a meal of love—And
 now to begin classically, and like a
 scholar:

Love! thou sovereign power of
 soul and senses! Love! whom boun-
 teous nature has disclosed for the good
 of human kind, and which, by a per-
 version of its first laws, becomes its
 destroyer!—Love! thou dreadful
 passion to man, ignorant of thy just
 rules!—Love! thou who knowest so
 well to mingle sweets with bitters,
 what are thy rights? Here their
 standard

standard is measured by variegated caprice.—There, the existence of a superficial desire seems to constrain thy power. Thou art every where carressed the very instant thou art abhorred—thou art at once revered and prophaned. Thou art implored and derided: in every clime we see contrary prodigies, the effects of thy virtue. At one time it instantly unites those who were before estranged: at another, it destroys with violence those chains that should have been indissoluble. Like another Protheus, thou takest every shape—thou art indiscriminately concealed under every form. There it is thy pleasure to lord it like a tyrant—here thou art contented with the humble state of a seducer. Tenacious of thy fatal prerogatives, thou takest equal delight in destruction as creation—to light the torch of Discord, as to close the temple of Janus; and, with the
same

same fire that thou dost animate the unsullied joys of Hymen, thou dost burn and destroy the most sacred ties of conjugal felicity.

But why should we impute to love those sallies—those trespasses, which man alone is answerable for by his conduct? Let this sentiment be traced to its primitive innocence, and we shall soon discover that the very passion, which is frequently the scourge of humanity, will become its greatest security, and the most glorious allurement to the greatest bliss.

Yet such is the perverse depravity of mankind, that what was designed for our most refined happiness, is the source of our greatest evil; in vain the poet tells us,

Heav'n, in our cup, this drop has thrown
To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
when an attentive observer may, on
every

every side, descry the monstrous progeny of this fatal passion.

It should seem as if it were a mixture of the most opposite contradictions—Vice and virtue, highly coloured, are blended in the same portrait—or rather, a group of Satyrs and Graces, indiscriminately convened, in one picture. Here is jealousy seated next to indifference, which oftens displays the most striking features of envenomed hatred. There rapture and delight are seated on a brow, whose soul detests the object it adores. Here the most solemn vows, the most imprecated promises, frame the mask of perfidy and deception. There feigned sincerity and candour, closely visit imposition and deceit. Here seduction rocks to sleep innocent simplicity, that it may, with greater facility, seize upon its prey. There vanity pays homage to beauty, which it despises and betrays in secret.

Here

Here avarice is studying every artifice to charm and enjoy opulence. There ambition prostrates itself to decrepitude, which it detests. Here sensation is taught to utter the language of sentiment. There the tender, blooming object of caresses, is dishonoured by the Cytherean mysteries. Here lasciviousness stifles with its embraces the beauteous beings that created its desires. There debauchery rifles all its friends, and sends them away in a suit of mourning. Thus love, whom we abuse, and who gives creation to so many stratagems, so many artifices, to so many infamies, never bears the real resemblance of itself. It is at one time humour, at another caprice—here it is delightful dreams—there it is a fit of rage—and every where it easily becomes an inexhaustible source of remorse and despair.

Through

Through all the baneful shades of guilt and villainy, we may at the same time discover, in the same group, the features of the most amiable virtues, the most useful as well as the most pleasing. Love often disposes our minds to the practice of the greatest good. When our heart has caught a noble flame, all our conduct is animated by this glorious passion. It is no longer a raging fever that extenuates the spirits, nor a dropfical attack that creates an irregular drought—it is a fire, that whilst it warms enlightens—it is an exquisite taste that governs reason, and embellishes it. It is no longer that blind impetuosity, which knows no laws, no bounds, no decorum—it is a gentle sympathy, that neither can nor will subsist, but by the observance of good order. Thus love, wisely regulated, is the *primum mobile* of a noble emulation among youth,

the

the regenerating joy of those families whom it happily unites, and the universal consolation of states, whose miseries it solaces !

All this is very fine, very learned, very shrewd, very sensible, and very witty—Suppose all this is agreed to—if this has proved no vacuum in my brain, I am sure it has greatly increased that in my stomach—and I find, in despite of philosophy, in despite of logic, in despite of reason, there is no arguing against empty bellies—So much for love, now for the three blue balls, and the cook-shop.

C H A P. IV.

An uncommon visit at a critical time, which produces a scene quite out of the common road, between a Gentleman Poet, and a supposed Critic—very proper to be read by all writers of fashion, whose works have been severely handled in either of the Reviews.

CONSIDERING the plight in which we found and left Jack in the last chapter, it is reasonable to believe, that some alteration would take place in his affairs—and if it be true, as the proverb says, “That when things are
“ come to the worst, they must needs
“ mend,” we might reasonably suppose, that our hero’s fortune was upon the brink of an agreeable mutation. But be not rash, good reader, for in
the

the first place the difficulty consists in proving when things are arrived at their *ne plus ultra*; and, secondly, in giving good and sufficient testimony, that supposing this could be proved, the saying is incontrovertably true.

These things being previously and duly attended to, we shall now proceed.

Mr. Atall was returned from dinner, and was ruminating upon the most probable plan of procuring another the next day, when somebody came stamping up stairs with more than common violence. Jack was not so absorbed in thought, but that he had an *ear* to safety, and as he had been playing at hide and seek some time with the catchpoles, and was resolved not to be surprised by them, at least in his own apartment, he failed not to apply his eye to the *dunscope*, which he had constructed in his

chamber door, before he gave admission to a stranger.

According to this *dunscopic* observation, he concluded there was no danger of admitting the visiter, as he was dressed in a laced coat, with a sword; but one part of the appendage of his dress did not a little surprise Jack, which was a hoseman's whip. However, as this was far from being an index of *bailiffism*, he opened the door, thinking at that time his bookseller had recommended him a good customer, in the person of a commodore, or an admiral, who had intended to give the world his *Voyages and Discoveries, written by himself*.

The following Dialogue now ensued.

Visiter. I am informed, Sir, from pretty good authority, that you are one of the authors of the Review.

Atall.

Atall. Pray, Sir, who gave you this information?

Vis. That's immaterial. I'm come to ask you a very laconic question, and insist upon as laconic an answer.

Atall. What is it, Sir?

Vis. My name is ———, and I'm come to know if you are the person who gave an account of my poem in your last—because if you did, Sir —
[*flourishing the horsewhip.*]

Atall. Sir, methinks, your manner of application, and your interrogations, are not a little abrupt.

Vis. Sir, to the point [*another flourish*] did you, or did you not, write the article in question?

Atall. Why, Sir, though neither your horsewhip, or your sword, has the least power of intimidating me, I declare to you, upon my honour, I never saw the book—never so much as read the title page—nay, upon my

foul, I never heard of the poem, nor did I know there had ever been such a thing in print.

Vis. Never read—never heard of my poems—good G—d, where must you have been all this while?—at the Antipodes, I suppose—why there has been nothing else talked of by people of taste for these two months——[*no flourish this speech.*]

Atall. Sir, I do not in the least doubt of the merit of the piece, and I shall not fail to read it the first opportunity, as I am convinced, by your elegant manner, and the applause you bestow on it, that it must be a very sublime production.

Vis. — Well, but, Sir, if you did not write the article yourself, you can, perhaps, inform me who did.

Atall. Can you keep a secret?

Vis. Doubtless.

Atall.

Atall. Why the critic was no other than——(*whispers.*)

Vif. The Devil! What that great fighting author——Say no more about it——take no notice of what's past—I—I—believe—I'm in the wrong——will you favour me with your company to the Mitre, to drink a bottle?

It may be supposed that Jack did not refuse so good an offer—and it may also be supposed, that the *gentleman poet's* curiosity was previously thoroughly satisfied.

C H A P. V.

Some account of the Vergers Club at Charing-cross—their imaginary employments, and real vocations and avocations: very necessary to be known by every genius who may chance to take lodgings in Scotland-yard, or its environs.

THE caution which Mr. Atall judged so necessary upon receiving the visit of a stranger at his lodgings in Newgate-street, soon induced him to move from that quarter to those limits of safety, universally known by the verge of the court. Though this situation had its inconveniences, by reason of the distance from his printer and bookseller, his personal security, nevertheless, prevailed over these considerations; and

Scotland-

Scotland-yard, for some time, became the place of his abode.

An accident that befel him, just at this period, prompted him to take this step sooner, than he, perhaps, otherwise would have done. The matter was this : his washerwoman, to whom he was indebted about three guineas, had agreed to take her money at the rate of half a guinea a month, and this was the day on which he was to make his first payment according to the agreement, when, having received a guinea copy-money from his bookseller, he sent the boy of the shop where he lodged with it, to pay a small snuff-bill, in Little Britain, and bring him half a pound of snuff, with change. The boy, in his way, was excited by his curiosity to try whether the guinea would fit the charity-box in the cloisters of Christ's hospital, and dropt it in. No sooner did the guinea disappear,

pear, than the boy fell upon his knees, and his lamentations drew together a great concourse of people, who advised him to apply to the governors; but, alas! not one was to be met with; and the box was only opened by them, who kept the key, once a quarter.

He was early initiated into the vergers club at the Rummer, where he frequently found more bailiffs and their followers, than at Westminster-hall, though their power was here set at nought, and the terror of their countenances was softened down to the social smile. These instruments of the law, and their myrmidons, who are constantly in pursuit of their prey, have their spies posted at every coffee-house, tavern, and beer-house within these limits, to watch carefully each person who is so unfortunate as to be compelled to take refuge here; and

and in case of ignorance of the precise boundaries, or if they should be resolute enough to emerge from their sanctuary, these Argus's of thralldom are constantly ready to display their stampt parchment, as the badge of confinement.

The vergers are, therefore, ever attentive to acquaint a new member of all the artifices used by these harpies to inveigle the innocent into their power; and a string of antique stories ensues. They also take care to point out the precise boundaries of their preambulations, having a topographical carte of the same always ready to settle any disputes upon this subject.

Atall, being initiated into these mysteries, began to think he was quite secure, and applied himself with great assiduity to his lucubrations during the six week days; and on a Sunday, as a *seventh day man*, he visited his

friends in the city, taking, however, special care to return within the lines of circumvallation before midnight.

It may be supposed, that having so much time upon his hands, his productions, at this period, must have been very voluminous ; but when it is considered that he was mostly in the *literary-stage-coach* way, or, to speak plainer, concerned in *periodical productions*, that made their appearance weekly and monthly, it may be supposed his labours were, as it may be said, swallowed up in the universal compilation, like the discharge of a small river into the ocean, without its being scarce possible to distinguish this particular current in the general flood.

Atall was a good deal surprised to meet many of his old acquaintance, who had shone forth in the lustre of his days, hopping from one porter house

house to another, within the limits, or counting the trees upon a bench in the Park by way of a dinner. Jack's sympathy and generosity were frequently kindled upon these occasions, and as he was in constant pay, he would often gratify his benevolent disposition, in disappointing duke Humphrey of a guest.

Every verger considers himself as ranger of both Parks, commissioner of the treasury, and equerry in ordinary of the king's Meuse, these being the limits of his dominions. These imaginary employments have turned the brain of many an honest verger, who when he had it in his power to have eat a *sausage* at the Meuse-gate, has fasted till the *boards* were up, that he might dine with the *Duke* at quality hours.

Jack, however, was never contaminated with these very elevated no-

tions, and he constantly eat his *soup* at the *Rummer* at three. It must necessarily be supposed that this receptacle of *fallen geniuses* must have produced many characters worthy of being noticed in print; but we do not amongst Atall's papers find any more than one, which, being very strongly marked, we shall give it the reader in his own words.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

*The man of pleasure dissected, in the
character of FUTILIO.*

IT has been observed by some living or dead writer, no matter which, that a professed man of pleasure leads the most unpleasant life in the world; to which might be added, with equal propriety, the most insignificant and contemptible. *Futilio* is a living, I mean a vegetating, instance of the rectitude of this observation. He started at sixteen with writing and accounts enough for a serjeant of the guards, a florid complexion, a white set of teeth, and a soft hand. Though his supposed father was neither more nor less than a *peruke maker, hair cutter, and dresser*, as the capitals over his door testified; yet his mother had interest

terest enough to procure him a pair of colours in a marching regiment, and fancied she had made his fortune, in spoiling an excellent porter, or a still more excellent chairman. *Futilio* was now a gentleman, and, according to the laws of gentility, could allow of no plebeian relations, and having the honour of his cloth at heart, he rather agreed to allow himself to be the bastard of a colonel, than the legitimate son of a barber.

Futilio soon became a favourite of the ladies; he had just parts enough to recommend him to their attention—his taciturnity constantly gave applause to their opinions, and his good nature gained him admiration, when his folly laid claim only to pity. Having no sentiments of his own, he readily adopted those of his acquaintance—and as the next thing to having wit ourselves, is our approbation of it in others,

thers, so, by this negative kind of merit, *Futilio* was considered as, at least, a fellow of some penetration and judgment. To support this good opinion, which his friends entertained of him; he was, upon every occasion, lavish of his purse, and free of his good offices: when these females wanted something (no matter whether a man or a monkey) in a red coat to accompany them to Ranelagh, or escorte them to Vauxhall, *Futilio* was sure to be in waiting; and as he studied politeness ever in excess, the ladies always found the generous dangler, in their admired officer. Was a brother subaltern distressed for money, or under confinement through the severity of a creditor, *Futilio* was ever at hand to give his word or his bond, as the occasion should require. Such a conduct could not fail, sooner or later, bringing him to that state of necessity which he so generously, nay wantonly,

wantonly, alleviated in others---He found ingratitude the growth of every soil, and that amongst all his acquaintance, male and female, he could not meet a friend who would assist him with the loan of twenty pounds, for which he was threatened to be arrested by his taylor.

In this situation he was compelled to dispose of his commission for a very trifle, not one third of its value, the broker he employed taking the advantage of his necessity. But what was he to do with this small capital, amounting to no more than one hundred and fifty pounds?—he could not long subsist upon it in the manner he had hitherto lived; besides, his creditors all became clamorous, finding he had no longer any certain support, and though *one* of his taylor had threatened him for only twenty pounds, he had no less than ten writs issued against

gainst him in a fortnight's time, to the amount of above four hundred. It was impossible for him to stay in England, with any kind of security, and he took the advice of a friend, in going volunteer to America, upon the breaking out of the late war.

He commanded under the brave but unfortunate Braddock, where he lost an arm, and soon after returned to England, in hopes of obtaining a commission in the invalids; for he was now doubly incapacitated to gain his living by labour or industry, having never been acquainted with any civil profession, and being disabled, even if his ignorance had not prevented him, by the loss of his right arm.

He took refuge in the verge of the court, that receptacle of wit, want, and folly. He has here petitioned the war-office for seven years, and may, in all likelihood, double the term of his

his application, living by accident, and perishing by necessity, if he should not before, worn out by misfortunes and misery, give up that life, which, properly directed, might have been of service to the community, and useful to himself; but as it has been misapplied, forming a being composed of ignorance, folly, vanity, and pride, he remains a monument of the mistaken gratifications pursued by the man of pleasure.

His company is always unentertaining and insipid, never reaching beyond the dictates of his vanity, in relating his former success in intrigue, which is now become fulsome and nauseating to the highest degree, from a wretch breathing the stench of putrefaction as he speaks. A description of his ancient dress and appearance is still more aggravating, from an automate that has scarce rags to cover his nakedness,

ness, and who threatens a communication of acquaintance as unenter-
taining and disagreeable as himself.

Reader, if thou shouldst think that this picture is *outrée* in any of the features, take a view of the group of fallen men of pleasure, and if you cannot, with the eye of impartiality, trace its original, then, and then only, believe *Futilio* to be the creature of my brain.

C H A P. VII.

His disappointment at Bristol; embarks there for Jamaica; some account of his voyage.

ATALL's security was not of long date: ere he had been two months in this sanctuary, one of his creditors obtained an order from the Board of Green Cloth, and he had only a fortnight allowed him to settle his debts. In this situation he wrote to his bookseller for advice, who counselled him to go to Bristol, where a writer was wanting for the Journal, and added, he would give him a letter of recommendation to the printer. So favourable an opportunity was not to be slighted, and, therefore, having packed up his little baggage, he took his leave, one Sunday morning, of the
verge

verge of the court, and lay *perdu* in a blind lodging-house, till the stage set out.

Upon his arrival at Bristol, he had the misfortune to find the employment he was destined for, and had been recommended to, was already filled. The printer of the Journal being made acquainted with Atall's distress, and the danger there was of his returning to London, advised him to go to the West Indies, and at the same time recommended him to the captain of a ship that was then lying in that port, and would set sail in a few days for Jamaica: Atall's affairs were too desperate in England to refuse any opportunity that offered for a change. He was accordingly introduced to captain Wilson, and upon the printer's becoming answerable for his passage, it was agreed that he should go passenger in his ship, which was to sail,
if

if the wind proved favourable, in three days.

Next evening the captain came to his lodging, and brought with him a young gentleman, who was to go passenger along with them. He seemed a most agreeable companion, and Atall flattered himself, that a tedious voyage would be much shortened by his company; the captain said his name was Smith. While they were on shore they were seldom asunder: Jack observed the stranger had often a mind to communicate something to him, then would blush, stop short, and awkwardly change the discourse.

Atall did not press him to unburthen himself, because their acquaintance was but new; but on the third day of their embarkation, Jack guessed at his secret. Mr. Smith having on board with him a beautiful youth, he introduced him to Atall, saying, he

was

was his relation, and, in his care, was going to his father, a rich gentleman in Jamaica, and had been in England some years for education. Jack made him all the obliging compliments he was master of, and received such confused thanks from the pretty youth, as confirmed him in the suspicion he had entertained at first sight. Atall took the opportunity, while they were sailing down the river, to tell Mr. Smith, that he had a little room in the ship, which he thought would be more convenient for his juvenile companion, than the great cabbin, where two other passengers were lodged, and where, at all times, people were passing and repassing; that he resolved to keep constant watch; and that the great cabbin suited his conveniency as well as the little room. He blushed, and told Atall, he accepted of his most kind offer, and that he would trust him with a secret, that

that would shew of what great consequence that little chamber was to him, and how much obliged he was to esteem him, and to provide for him when they arrived at Jamaica. Jack thanked him, and told him he guessed at part of his secret, and when he thought him worthy, would be glad to know more ; thus they parted for that time, and in the evening arrived in King's-road, where they anchored to wait for the morning's tide. The captain mustered his people, who consisted of a mate, a surgeon, a gunner, a carpenter, twenty sailors, ten landmen, and five passengers. Next morning early they set sail with a fair wind ; part of the day Jack observed the mate and gunner very busy in making powder up in cartridges ; the captain chid the gunner for not having done that long before : he excused himself, by saying, he had been very busy about
the

the ship's loading, that he had filled some, and hoped there would be no occasion between that and Corke; that before night he would make a number sufficient to blow any privateer out of the water that sailed in those narrow seas.

NIGHT came on, the gale increased a little, and next day they were clear of Scilly. In the evening the wind came contrary, but moderate, and next morning they spoke with a small vessel, who told them, she had been chased by a ship two days before; that she believed her to be an enemy, but had fairly outtailed her. All this day and night the wind continued contrary; but next day a brisk gale; it continued all day, and they expected, if it held, to get into

C H A P. VIII.

An engagement between captain Wilson's vessel and two Spanish ships—his gallant defence, but is at last obliged to strike—the Spaniards behaviour to captain Wilson and his people.

NIGHT came on, the gale increased a little, and next day they were clear of Scilly. In the evening the wind came contrary, but moderate, and next morning they spoke with a small vessel from Corke, who told them, she had been chased by a sloop two days before; that she believed her to be an enemy, but had fairly out-failed her. All this day and night the wind continued contrary; but next morning, about five, became fair, with a brisk gale; it continued all day, and they expected, if it held, to get
into

into Corke harbour next evening's tide. In the night it changed again ; and in the morning, a great way to windward, they spied two sail, and in an hour they perceived one to be a large ship, the other a sloop about seventy tons. The captain ordered all hands up, bid them make clear ship ; the large vessel slackened sail, and the sloop bore down upon them. It was the opinion of the captain and sailors, that the ship was a man of war, and the sloop a tender, that would endeavour to press their hands ; but, for fear of the worst, they made every thing ready for fight. The captain asked his men if they would stand by him ; they one and all resolutely swore they would, and the passengers assured the same, he gave a small dram of rum to every man on board, and they all took their stations.

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The sloop by this time came almost within gun-shot, slack'd sail, and made signals to the great ship, which immediately bore down, with all the sail she could crowd; then the sloop hoisted Spanish colours, and made directly to board them, firing a broad-side, with a volley of small arms. We hoisted English colours, and waited for her, till she came within pistol-shot; then fired a broad-side into her, and immediately after, according to order, fired a volley of small arms. We could, in the midst of the smoke, observe the distraction the Spaniards were in. They altered their intention of boarding captain Wilson, who laid his sloop all on one side, and before they could right her, brought his other broad-side to bear upon them, and fired so luckily into her, that she sunk in a shorter time than can be imagined,
and

and the English prepared to give as good a reception to the ship, which by this time was almost within shot: they saw she was larger then theirs, and as she was a privateer, they knew she was manned accordingly; but their success had spirited them up, and they resolved to conquer or die. When the English were near enough, they fired the first broadside, and, as before, gave them a volley of small arms; and tho' the success was not equal to what they had against the sloop, yet they put the Spaniards into such great disorder, as hindered them from firing their great and small shot, as they otherwise would have done, though they returned the compliment, and killed captain Wilson's mate, who was an honest brave fellow, and a good sailor, and five more of his men. Before we could bring our guns to bear upon them again, they worked their ship round,

fired another broad-side, with a most terrible volley of small arms, killed two of the English passengers, and wounded many of the crew. Captain Wilson was shot thro' the thigh; Atall was slightly wounded in the head with a splinter, and received a musket-shot in his side, which did not enter the cavity, but put him to intolerable pain. The captain, though wounded, would not strike: Atall endeavoured to demonstrate to him the impossibility of conquering such superior force; but he was brave to rashness, so continued the fight broad-side for broad-side, volley for volley, though with great disadvantage to the English; at last they gave the Spaniards one broad-side, which did great execution, carrying away their bowsprit, and raking fore and aft; and tho' we had no great hopes of conquering, yet we were all well pleased at this

this revenge. We saw the prodigious execution of every fire we made, the Spaniard's men stood so thick; but then we also observed the great number of men they had, and found the effects of so many small arms, immediately after their next broad-side; for though their great guns, at that time, had done captain Wilson but little prejudice, their volley was so great, that it killed eleven of his men, and wounded many others, among whom Atall again was one, receiving a shot that broke his left-arm, and quite disabled him. At the same time we had an account, there was not quite one round of powder in cartridges, which was the greatest reason to oblige our captain to give orders to strike; but his rage against the poor gunner was very extraordinary, and very ill-timed, for he fired his pistol at him, and very nar-

rowly missed him, crying, Damn you, you prating rascal, is this blowing the Spaniards out of the water, I'll blow your brains out, for not being as good as your word. The English did not, however, strike, till every body in the ship was wounded, and twenty out of forty killed. Poor Mr. Smith received a wound in the head by a splinter, that took away his senses, and happy for him that he was not sensible; for his companion, whom he had taken care to place below in the beginning of the action, peeping on deck, as I suppose, to see what was become of him, received a shot, and died instantly.

Jack, having the curiosity to unbutton his coat, soon perceived it was a woman, as he before suspected; and she was thrown overboard in the hurry, without being discovered.

Their boat was shot to pieces, so they could not hoist her out to go on board

board the privateer, as they were commanded to do, but their boats soon came on board the sloop; the lieutenant, that commanded, before he put his foot in the ship, spoke aloud to his men, to give the English quarter; he spoke in Spanish and in English, which shewed, by the accent, that he, and many of his men, were Irish. He desired captain Wilson to call all his hands upon deck, when finding but twenty men, and understanding there were but forty at first, he was greatly surprized at so stout a resistance by forty men against three hundred and eighty; for the English killed and sunk fourscore men in the sloop, and Jack afterwards understood they had killed fifty-three men in the ship, and wounded thirty odd. The action continued six hours and a half. The captain, and five more of the wounded, died before they got to St. Sebas-

tian's. But previous to this, the Spanish lieutenant ordered the captain, Atall, and eight men, belonging to the ship, into his boat, and sent them on board the Spaniard. Their reception there was not answerable to the usage they expected, after the civil treatment they had received from the lieutenant. With difficulty they got up the side of the ship, by reason of their wounds, and several of them received unmerciful blows to oblige them to make more haste; the Spanish captain stormed at them in his own language, struck the poor wounded captain, and suffered several indignities to be offered the others in his own presence; he ordered every man to be handcuffed, excepting the captain, and commanded them into the hold. Atall shewed him his broken arm, and begged piteously to be excused from handcuffs, which
favour,

favour, with much difficulty, was granted. They had scarce got into the hold, before an officer came down to desire the captain and Atall to come upon deck; he told them, the captain of the ship had been so exasperated at the loss of his sloop and men, that he did not, when they first came on board, consider any thing but his revenge; but being grown cooler, begged they would come up, where he had ordered a bed, and surgeons to dress their wounds. Captain Wilson answered thus—"For my own part I scorn his assistance, he has acted the part of a pirate, and a pirate's death attend him; the Divine Providence will, I hope, deliver him up to my countrymen, who will do me and mankind justice, in putting such an inhuman monster to an ignominious death: but why do I rave? It is not in the nature of an Englishman to be cruel: even

even Spaniards find civility among us; tell him my greatest consolation, now I'm dying, is, that he has it not in his power (if he had inclination) to do me kindness: and you may tell him, I have things of greater moment to think of than of such a rascal." Atall was not a little sorry at the answer returned, not only because a dying man ought to be in charity with all the world, but really for fear that the poor prisoners should suffer for his ill-timed wrath; so he spoke to the messenger, and endeavoured to soften the captain's harsh words. He told him it was true his usage was not what one captain usually received from another; that his great loss, and the anguish of his wounds, would, he hope, plead some excuse for his cross answer, and he did not question, but he was too much a gentleman, and too good a Christian, to lay hold of an

an opportunity of making them more miserable, if possible, than they were already : “ As you speak our language well, (continued Jack) I presume you are of our country, and I beg your protection for a few poor wounded men.” In short, if the captain was tired of life, Atall was not; he wished to see better days. His words had the desired effect; he told Jack he would make an excuse for the captain, and would be particularly careful of his health, and as serviceable as possible to the prisoners. All which he honestly performed. Jack afterwards had an opportunity of gratefully acknowledging his favours. He again addressed the captain, begging a calmer answer to his civil message, but, to their great surprize, the captain was no more, his life flew out in that great gust of passion, and they had no occasion to coin an answer. Atall
went

went on deck, and received the captain's excuse for the ill-treatment he had given them, with as chearful a countenance as his pain would give him leave to put on. He was then taken care of, his wounds were dressed, he was laid in bed, a violent fever succeeded, and he knew very little of the rest of the voyage, until the day before they got into St. Sebastian's, which was seventeen days from the unfortunate day of their captivity.

C H A P. IX.

The friendship Atall meets with from his namesake ; the cause of a most disagreeable change in his situation, and the small prospect of recovering his liberty.

HE remained five days in the ship after they arrived, being carefully attended ; and this abundance of kind usage was owing to his generous countryman, who promised him his protection, and was second lieutenant of the privateer. He was carried on shore, and had a lodging, his worthy countryman being at the expence of it, and his maintenance ; he prevailed on the surgeon of the ship, who was a Frenchman, to continue his visits, and he himself gave Jack much of his company, which was extremely agreeable. He told Atall he was
touched

touched at first sight with his misfortunes, at his pleading so piteously to be free from handcuffs, and at his behaviour, which was so different from his boisterous captain ; but upon enquiring among the prisoners who he was, and finding he was his name-sake, he had a brother's tenderness for him, which he constantly shewed him; and tho' his ability was not great, yet he stretched his credit to serve Atall, and took up money on his share of the prizes, which was not to be divided in a considerable time. It pleased God to bless the surgeon's endeavours ; Atall's wounds were speedily cured, and his strength was wonderfully increased ; but his pity and anguish were equally excited to hear of the distress his poor countrymen suffered in the common jails and dungeons of St. Sebastian's. He desired his name-sake to enquire for Mr. Smith, to whom he

he sent a kind and affectionate message, which was all at that time in his power to transmit him; but his generous name-fake, who at this period could ill spare money, gave him an old suit of his own cloaths (as he had done to Jack) with a little linen, and some money, and brought his answer in writing, with an account of his hardships, and of his name-fake's great goodness.

The period for a change in Atall's situation was now arrived. He had been above two months ashore, and was recovered, but not well enough to attempt an escape; his patron and name-fake was obliged to go to sea, but recommended him, as well as he was able, and gave him credit, where he lodged, until his return. Their parting was tender, but necessary, for Jack had been a great charge to him; and he assured Atall, he only went
to

to earn more money for his service.

The magistrates began to be jealous of his designing to escape: it is true, he had been tampering with a fellow, in whose power it was to conduct him out of Spain into France, and who was suspected of having done such an affair some time before; but whether Atall could not raise money enough to bribe him, or that he had a mind to regain the favour of the governor, by betraying him, or let what would be his reason, he discovered all, and more than he had been trusted with; and Atall was immediately ordered to the common jail. He had one advantage over his sorrowful companions, which was, having cloaths, whereas these miserable men were almost naked. His worthy friend, Mr. Smith, embraced him tenderly, and condoled with him upon his arrival in so dismal a place.

He

He was there saluted by ten more of his unfortunate companions, who embarked with him at Bristol. He put on his most chearful looks, and made a virtue of necessity, telling his friends he was proud to suffer with such brave companions. He found them in a large court-yard playing at quoits, and various English sports. Their number was about three hundred, and tho' very ragged, yet very hearty. Jack owned he did not think their circumstances so very deplorable at first view.

His belly was then full, and the sight of his old friends put him in spirits, which in a little time were exhausted; for before he had time to enquire into their way of living, the keepers came in, gave the word, and they were forced to divide by twenties, and retire to their cells. It is not customary to strip a prisoner after his arrival

rival in Spain; so he procured a fellow-prisoner, who could speak Spanish, to offer one of the jailers his waistcoat, which was pretty good, if he would place him among his own ship's crew, which he soon consented to, and put the man he drew from them in a gang he had a mind to. Now to their dungeon they went, a miserable loathsome place indeed! No straw, no covering for him that wanted cloaths, with water trickling down the walls, which made the earth they lay upon wet and boggy.

Add to these inconveniencies, the sickly smell among them, with the nauseous effluvia of the dung-corner, as it was called, and it may be easily imagined their condition was not a little calamitous! as in fact it was. Many of them were half dead with fluxes, occasioned by their scanty and unwholesome food. Now Jack began

to

to feel the miseries of a jail, and he was sensible of the many blessings he had enjoyed, under the protection of his kind name-sake; but as he had no remedy but patience, he submitted, and bore his troubles as well as his neighbours. Winter now approached, which still more alarmed them; they considered it was impossible to outlive the severity of that season, in such a cold damp place, tho' they well knew their winter was shorter than ours, but sharper for the time. They held several consultations on ways and means for making their escape; but all ended in submission to Providence, on whom alone they depended: they had no account of a cartel to be soon settled, so that nothing but misery and despair appeared to their view. However, it was some alleviation to their misfortunes to be able to compare

pare them, which they had now ample time to do, and no other occupation—Mr. Smith seeming to be the most afflicted of any, he was desired to favour them with the cause of his violent agitations, and whose story, which he addressed to Mr. Atall, shall be related in the succeeding chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Mr. SMITH's tragical story.

“ I Had but just recovered out of my swoon, as our captain and you were going on board the privateer. I was soon made sensible of my miserable condition, and was more concerned on account of my young companion, than for any thing that could happen to me. I crawled down to the place where I had left him, but found him not; I called him several times, and imagining he might have hid himself in the hold of the ship, as the securest place, during our action, I sought him there; but when I was acquainted with his most unhappy fate, I gave myself up to the deepest despair. In my excess of passion, I called upon my dearest Sophia, I

talked

talked with her, as though she was present; in short, I became quite distracted, and in the absence of my mind, I let every body into my secrets. I let them know, that under the appearance of a boy, I had brought my wife on board. I let them into other secrets of my life, which in England might have been fatal to me. The humanity of the commanding officers on board, my youth, and good constitution, all helped to reinstate me in my senses, which was the worst misfortune that could have happened to me; for my loss was so very great, that my torment was extraordinarily acute. My wound was not considerable enough to divert the least part of the affliction of my mind; and my liberty was an object so indifferent to me, that I never thought of my captivity; and I dwindled into an insensibility, and for some-

some time stupidly easy; but again, as if coming out of a dream, I felt all the anxiety of a man in the deepest despair: but time alleviates the greatest sorrow. Whether custom makes the trouble less, or makes us more able to bear the trouble, I am not certain; but the first symptom I had of getting the better of my affliction was a sudden inclination to revenge. The passions that excessive grief had suppressed, now began to reign, and my reason endeavoured to shew me the folly of my excess of grief. These are my present circumstances; and how great my loss is, I will convince you, by letting you know who I lost.

“ I was born in Jamaica, of worthy rich parents, and, I trust in God, they are now alive: I am their only son, and I have one sister, now in England. When I was twelve years old, and my sister eight, our parents

sent us to their correspondent and relations in England, that we might partake of the excellent education of that kingdom. In a short time I was sent to Westminster - school, and my sister to a boarding - school : I frequently visited her, and by that means became acquainted with the young ladies at school, among whom was my dearest Sophia ; she was my sister's bed-fellow, they loved one another tenderly, and I used to call her little wife. As they grew up, their friendship increased, and the beauty, and other perfections of Sophia, made such an impression on my heart, that I resolved to seek every opportunity of ingratiating myself into her favour. I was now a student at Oxford, and made many excursions to visit my sister, and pay my respects to my mistress. Sophia was an heiress, had a large estate, and was under the guardianship of a rich

rich wicked attorney in London: he had a son, whom he brought up to his business, and whom he employed in all the dirty work of his profession, such as serving subpoenas, setting, and assisting in arresting: and the young man was worthy of so good a father. He had no remorse, and promised fair to be as eminent as his master. For this good youth was my dearest Sophia destined; he had liberty to visit her whenever he pleased, and whenever he did, he tired her with an account of his exploits. He knew every bailiff in town by name, and, when no way concerned, used to make one in distressing poor unhappy gentlemen, to have an opportunity of exposing their characters, and telling his mistress pleasant adventures, as he considered them. Her good-nature was shocked at such cruelty, and, instead of liking him, she detested and dread-

ed the sight of him. At this time I had made my passion known to her, and, by the good offices of my sister, received such returns, as made me hope to be the happiest man alive: and now her guardian thought proper to take her from the boarding-school, and place her in his own family, where he might more conveniently bring about his designs. We were all alarmed at this step, knowing his character, and what he aimed at; and my sister and I prevailed on Sophia to make me happy, by putting it out of his power (as we flattered ourselves) to make us miserable. I provided every thing against next day, which was the day before she was to leave the school, and that afternoon met her, and my sister, at a place appointed, put them into a coach and six, and drove twenty miles out of town, where I had appointed a brother

ther collegian, in orders, and another friend of mine, to meet us; there, to my greatest satisfaction, my ever dear, dear Sophia, made me happy. I now thought it out of the power of fortune to hurt us. I had all I wished and wanted; and I protest her great estate was no inducement to me to finish our affairs in such a hurry; her perfections were too great a fortune for a much more deserving man than I. We stayed two days and nights in the country, and then returned to town to a friend's house, to whom I wrote an account of every particular.

“ My friend had studied the law in his younger days; but had quitted it, on an advantageous settlement in partnership with his uncle, an eminent rich merchant. He was my father's correspondent, and was the person who paid me my allowance.

He told me, he wished I had let him into my affairs before I had taken my spouse away; that he would have managed more for my advantage, and prevented difficulties and misfortunes that he foresaw I was falling into: that, however, we were heartily welcome to his assistance, and that he would do the best he could for us: he said he well knew the character of her guardian, that he was a bad, cunning man, and that we must prepare to receive the worst usage in his power; but that he would that instant wait on the most experienced counsellors and lawyers, and learn from them how we were to proceed, and what we were to avoid. He returned in about five hours, told us we must immediately depart from his house, for that he was already suspected of being concerned in taking off the heiress, and that his house would undoubtedly be searched.

searched. Words cannot express my concern for the troubles in which I had involved my dearest Sophia; but she behaved with more love and resolution than I could have expected. We left my friend's house, got out of the back-door, and went to an acquaintance of his, where he called, on his return to us, and had provided lodgings for us. Here we remained above a week, and were informed the lord chancellor was much exasperated against me; that warrants were issued to take us; and that his lordship was resolved to put an act of parliament in force, which made it death for any one to marry an heiress under age, without the consent of her guardian, or the court of chancery. My friend advised us, as the best method we could take, to leave the kingdom, till my wife was of age, which put an end to the power of her guardian.

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My dearest Sophia readily consented, and I thought no place more proper than Jamaica, where my dear father and mother would, with open arms, receive us. An unfortunate accident hastened our departure: a servant, belonging to my friend the merchant, had been bribed to betray us; he often watched his master by night to our lodgings, and suspecting the truth, gave information to my wife's guardian, who sent proper officers to arrest us, and his own son as an assistant. That very evening I had changed my lodgings, and had borrowed a particular friend's chambers in the Temple, where, half an hour before, I had sent my wife, ushered by my friendly merchant. I stayed behind to pack up such things as were for our immediate use; and, having finished what I designed, was going down stairs with a candle in my hand, just as the

bailiffs,

Bailiffs, headed by her guardian, had mounted the first step of the stairs. I knew the lawyer, guessed their design, and prepared for my defence. He cried out, that's he, seize him, seize him, and with his sword drawn ran up stairs, made two or three thrusts at me, and endeavoured to come close enough to lay hold of me. I found his design, parried his thrusts, and in return ran him thro' the body: he fell, and his myrmidons seemed much cooler in the assault, which gave me time to recover my bed-chamber door. I locked it with speed, and, without losing time, threw open the sash, leaped into the garden, climbed the garden-wall, and made my escape to the Temple, where I informed my friends of my additional misfortunes. Our departure was now absolutely necessary, and it was judged proper that my dearest Sophia should be disguised

in man's apparel. We continued, however, two days longer in the Temple, in which time I settled my affairs; we took boat by night, and rowed to Brentford, where a chariot was ready to carry us to Bristol, which we performed in two days and a night. I was disguised as well as possible, though the pursuit was not so diligent as we imagined, because the lawyer's wounds were not mortal.

“While I was in Bristol, I had often an inclination to discover my affairs to you, to beg that proof of your friendship which you so generously, of your own accord, offered: it was not owing to any suspicion I had of you, that prevented my letting you into my secrets; but my dear Sophia begged I would put it off till we set sail, for I had given her an account of your merit. You know the rest of my unfortunate life, and you see me
 now

now in the most deplorable condition, wishing for death, and yet desiring to live, that I may revenge my dearest Sophia's death. Pity me, and comfort me, my dear companion, for I believe you'll own I am the most unfortunate man alive."

C H A P. XI.

An uncommon accident that promotes their delivery, in which Atall is particularly active. They all make their escape, with the circumstances attending it.

HE ended here his woeful history, and every one seemed to pity him. Atall endeavoured as much as lay in his power to restore his mind to ease; and the same philosophy that he made use of to abate Smith's anguish, alleviated his own; for when he compared his misfortunes with Smith's, he was ashamed to think of his weakness. But it is time to resume Mr. Atall's own adventures.

One night, about two hours after they had retired to their dungeon, they were much alarmed with a more than usual

usual moisture under their feet, which in a short time increased, so that they paddled as they walked; they struck a light, having a tinder-box and candles, which they sometimes made use of, upon extraordinary occasions, unknown to their jailors, and searching about for the place whence the water sprung, Atall observed it running down the wall, about a foot high from the ground, and in such a quantity, that they should soon be knee deep, if it continued. His companions were for calling to the guards for fear of drowning; but he prevailed on them to be silent for a while, by shewing them it could not be deeper than their knees by the height of the crack in the wall, and that place being very soft, it mouldered away, almost with touching; nor did the water come in so fast upon them as before. When they applied their force to it, they soon
made

made a large breach thro' the wall, breaking upwards, not downwards. Atall immediately guessed what was the matter, and told his companions "There was a shore, which run along this wall: by these two days rain, the waters were out, and, by the decay of the wall, had made their way into the dungeon from the shore; and as floods in this country are soon up, and soon fall, they very luckily had broke open the wall, at the falling of the waters, and that he was in hopes that this lucky discovery would be a means of freeing them all." He continued, "Let us keep this account a secret, let us swear to be true to one another, and not to discover it to any man else; there are some bad men, even among the English, and the hopes of gaining favour with our jailors, may prevail upon some weak minds to betray us all." They all swore as he required,

quired, and then fell to work at the hole, which they enlarged with as much ease as they could desire. The water in the shore fell very fast, and Atall undertook to be the first adventurer. As they had but a small hole to let in day-light to their prison, so they easily stopped it, to prevent their candle being perceived by the watch; and they spoke as gently as possible,

Atall went into the shore, which was about two feet and a half deeper than the floor of their prison, and as much higher above it, and seemed to be as broad as high, a most noble building, the arch beautifully turned, and the stones finely joined; but he had no time for making farther remarks. He went on some hundred yards, and did not find that any other shore had communication with that one he was in; nor could he observe any alteration as to the height or breadth.

breadth. He could just perceive a gradual descent, and finding his candle decreasing fast, he returned to give an account to his companions. They were highly pleased at his discovery, and as it was near day, they put off any farther trials till next night. The next day appeared to them, not without reason, the longest they ever knew; their impatience was so great, that many were retiring to their kennel before the hour, and their caution was so rigid, that they avoided their common familiarity, and seemed half angry and shy to each other, for fear they should be suspected of caballing; at last the wished for, so lately the most dreaded, hour of retirement came.

They were all uneasy, yet were all silent, till Atall took upon him to speak, by praising their good behaviour and secrecy that day, when having stopped up their only window, he

he took one lighted, and one unlighted candle with him, not knowing how far he was to travel; he also took the tinder-box, and pitched upon Mr. Smith to be his companion, in making observations: and now they set forth. The shore was almost dry, and they proceeded, at a good pace, for about an hour, as near as they could guess, and then arrived at an opening, on the side of a hill, over the sea. The moon was up, and they could well perceive the ships in harbour. By degrees he began to recollect the place: he had often walked under the hill, upon the sea-shore, while his arm was curing, and while he was gathering strength; and, as it was natural for a man in his circumstances, had laid many schemes in that place for his deliverance. He knew where the usual landing-place was to take in the ships faggots for firing. He knew

that

that the boats took in fresh water at a small river, not five hundred yards from where they stood; and he had often observed small boats at anchor, and others drawn upon the shore, near the place. They were without the walls of the town, and if they were in possession of one, there was a possibility of seizing on a ship in the night, and afterwards they were to depend upon the same providence that had put them forward in their deliverance. They had not light enough to make as full a discovery as could be wished, for the moon began to be clouded. Atall, therefore, sent Mr. Smith back to his companions, to acquaint them with their progress, with his knowledge of the place, and with his intention to hide himself where he was, that he might make some observations by day-light. When day approached, he observed the governor's own barge

barge was moored a little way from shore, and near where he lay concealed. She was built after the fashion of our noblemen's barges on the Thames, and upon sight of her, a lucky thought came into his head. He observed two or three boats drawn up on the shore, all which seemed to favour his scheme. He was as particularly exact in making observations, as his time would afford; he then slipped into his hole, struck a light, and returned in much less time than he had been going. Their prison-door had not yet been opened, nor was it in half an hour after he arrived, for their custom was to shut them up early, and let them out late; so he had time to repeat what Mr. Smith had told them, and gave them a hint of his own design, which was, "That with the assistance of one of the boats drawn upon the beach, they might, in the night,

night, get on board the governor's barge, and then seize on some ship fit for their purpose; that if daylight should surprize them, there would be no alarm at seeing the governor's barge row along side any ship, nor would the sailors of any ship suspect them till it was too late to hurt them:" and concluded "In short, gentlemen, we have no other chance for our liberty, nor do we deserve any if we neglect this; besides, if we are retaken, our usage cannot be worse; so, in the name of God, let us, one and all, resolve on going this night, and keep our secret, as we did yesterday." To which proposal they all agreed, and as they had nothing to provide to carry with them, for it was in vain to think of getting arms, they seemed in no hurry that could be taken notice of. The

The night of their delivery at length arrived. They waited till even the complaints of their neighbouring prisoners were hushed, and, with as little noise as possible, they all got into the shore. They distributed their candles, and, about the dead of night, arrived at the mouth of the shore: the moon shone bright, or their necks had been in danger in descending the hill. They got down safe, and Atall conducted his men (for now they called him captain) to where the boats were drawn on shore. They easily launched a small one; but having no oar to work her, as it was but a little way to where the governor's barge lay, he proposed taking off the rudder from the boat that was launched, and to endeavour to use it like a paddle; they also found a loose board in another boat, which served them for the same purpose; there was no noise but

4

what

what they made themselves, which was as little as possible, and the night was clear and calm. Five of them went into the little boat, and with difficulty they paddled her to the barge, where they found a man asleep. After gagging him, and blind-folding him, Atall ordered two of their's into the small boat, and sent her for their companions, who in two trips got all on board. They found six oars on board, they manned them well, and finding six livery coats belonging to the barge's crew, he ordered his watermen to put them on, his steersman put on one of the prisoner's cloaths, and the rest of them stowed themselves, as well as possible, under the canopy. They now unmoored, and set forward for a ship. By this time they began to expect day, and were therefore obliged to do their business with expedition. They failed

ed by several vessels, and at last pitched upon a tight sloop of force, that seemed a privateer. They very well knew such sort of men live on shore to the last hour, and quit their ship as soon as ever they get into harbour; so their apprehension of resistance was not great. They got on board quietly, found two watchmen asleep, and having secured them, furnished themselves with handspikes, and such weapons as came first to hand; some of Jack's companions spoke Spanish, and asked them how many men were on board. They answered four, besides themselves; upon which they went under deck, and found four lazy Spaniards fast asleep in their hammocks. They secured them, and by this time it was broad day. The sloop lay pretty far out in the bay, and Atall's companions were for letting the barge go adrift, hoisting and setting

ring sail; but he stopt that motion, by letting them see the necessity they had for the barge: it is true, they had a tolerable fair wind, and if they had not the barge, they must have ventured to sail as fast by the fort as they could, they must have stood its fire, and run great hazard of being sunk, for there is a small fort at the entrance of the bay, where in time of war they bring all ships to, that they may shew their clearance, and it is impossible to sail by out of gun-shot; but what they could not do by force, they did by stratagem. They set sail, and made for sea; they made fast the barge along side of them next the fort; the men, in their livery coats, seemed busy in handing bottles and glasses out of the sloop into the barge; they had stripped the prisoners, and, in their cloaths, manned the ship's side; they also had bottles and glasses,

and

and seemed to be drinking to the governor in the barge, and the governor drinking a good voyage to them. The fort knew the barge, saluted the governor as they imagined; and they were rewarded with compliments instead of death. The wind grew brisker, they got out to sea, and had now no longer occasion for the barge; so taking every thing out of her that could be of any service to them, as a gordevine full of drams, a cask of wine, and some bread, they put the prisoners into her, gave them two oars, and suffered them to go off in peace.

Their next business was to search their stores, which they found would last a fortnight or three weeks. They then consulted what port they should make, and all agreed for Lisbon. They next appointed proper officers, regular watches, &c. and determined

to speak with the first ship they could come up with: if a friend, to beg provision; if a foe, to fight for provision and revenge. The stores they found on board were the remainder of an unsuccessful cruising voyage; the sloop had been in port five days, and the very day they seized her, stores and ammunition were to be sent on board. Thus were they freed from a loathsome dungeon. During two days sailing they were thankful for their deliverance, and to shew that their joy was unfeigned, they swore it heartily; officers were appointed by themselves; they had all equal power, and every thing was in common. The first night they made a bowl of bum-bo, they had but a small quantity of spirits, and were resolved to be very discreet.

They discoursed soberly, and with a seem-

a seeming thankfulness, upon their happy escape. They all admired their good fortune, and remembered every minute accident that contributed to their delivery; but above all they were surprized at the shore, the work was so excellently fair and regular: and each man gave his opinion about it, according to the extent of his knowledge.

One Johnson, an understanding young man, said he had never seen, but had read of such a shore among the antient Romans, who were famous for their aque ducts, and common shores. Another recollected he had seen the remainder of such a shore in Italy, and, to the best of his belief, they were very much alike. What confirmed Atall in the opinion of its being a Roman work, is the ruined town of Pomponia, that lies at above two leagues distance from

St. Sebastian's : it is said to have been an old Roman town ; and that it derived its name from the younger Pompey, who certainly fled from Cæsar into Spain.



C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

The sequel to their escape, and the ingratitude of the late prisoners to Atall.

HOW easily we forget misfortunes, when they are passed, the future conduct of our late captives will clearly illustrate.

Next day they had two or three quarrels, and some blows. With much difficulty Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, and one Mr. Harman, an elderly good man in appearance, and Atall, made up the breaches: and as they had honoured him with the title of captain, tho' he was no sailor, and as they were indebted to him for their deliverance, he took upon him, in a speech he made them, to censure their behaviour. He represented to them,

“ How much occasion they had at present for unanimity; that they were not out of danger; that they might be pursued; that they might meet with privateers; that once they were forty men in a stout ship, well provided with stores and ammunition, and in one day lost their liberty and fortunes; that their being companions in adversity ought to make them love one another in prosperity; not, but if they would coolly consider their present circumstances, they were in a most deplorable condition; their provision was so scanty, that contrary winds alone, in a short time, would bring them into more unfortunate circumstances than they had lately escaped from; and that if they had provision enough, they had not ammunition to fight their way.” They hearkened to him attentively, and some of them thanked him for his advice: when

Jones,

Jones, one that he had often observed to be more sedate, and in his opinion more pious, than any of the common sailors, stood up, and addressed the whole crew in these words: "Zounds, gentlemen, we have quite mistaken the thing, we have made a man our captain, that ought to be our parson; besides, he knows nothing of sailing, and if you'll take my advice, we will chuse another captain, and then this good man won't have the impudence to give us advice, that knows what belongs to the sailing of a ship better than he." The freedom of his words pleased the whole crew, and Atall, himself, could not forbear smiling, when he recollected how much he was deceived in that pious sanctified man. The joke continued the whole day, and they were all better friends than they had been the day before. That evening Atall

observed Harman, the elderly man, (for he was old enough to be father to any of the crew) continue a long time in discourse with Jones; and tho' Jack had hitherto an excellent opinion of him, yet his disappointment in Jones made him suspicious.

The wind was come about contrary, and tho' the crew were not affrighted with the apprehension of want, Atall was very serious about it: besides, he observed somewhat in the behaviour of the generality of them so turbulent, so odd, and so ungrateful, that he heartily wished to meet some English ship, in which case he resolved to leave them to themselves. He communicated his thoughts to his friend Smith, who had a worse opinion of them than Atall, and who had assured him, he judged by what had slipped from some of them, they had a mind to turn pirates. He next
day

day told Harman, how much he had been deceived in Jones, and how little he deserved such treatment: his answer was, "That the poor fellow meant no harm, but as he had lost all his fortune, when taken prisoner, he was resolved to make a fortune the first opportunity; that he and most of the crew think you are not the fittest man to command us, and if you'll follow my advice, you will lay down the command sooner than have it taken from you." Atall thanked him for his counsel, and perceiving he was as great an hypocrite as Jones, went on deck, and told the men, that he had considered seriously on the words Jones had spoke in jest; that he found he was not qualified to be their captain; and that he resigned the honour into their hands, who gave it him, begging they would chuse another commander. "Why, well said, parson,

cried Jones, you have just nicked it; you have laid down in time, for two reasons; the first is, you would have been turned out; and the next, here Jack, our cook, had put in to be parson, so you had lost both; but now I'll insure the doctorship to you." His continued impudence had so provoked Atall, that he demanded who was to be captain, hoping he would give him leave to use that impertinent ungrateful rascal as he deserved. Words arose, it became a party-business, and Atall did not want for friends to make the battle pretty equal; when Mr. Smith, taking hold of him, said, "I did not imagine you would put yourself on an equality with that fellow, your passion has transported you too far;" and, turning to the rest, said, "Gentlemen, this is a very unworthy return for such obligations as you lie under, chuse a captain, and let us all
be

be obedient to that captain for this voyage; and then, if we don't like one another, we can part." In short, the quarrel was made up, and Mr. Harman was chosen captain: he very gravely told them, "Gentlemen, I thank you for this favour, I know your inclinations, and I will perform according to your promise." By this Atall understood he had been tampering with them before; he went to his cabin, held a council, to which Smith, Johnson, and Atall were forbid coming; and they judged from that instant they entered into an association of piracy.

They knew complaints would do them no service, so they seemed to rest contented. Next morning they espied a sail, they gave chase, and came up with her. She was a small French vessel, bound from Bourdeaux to Calais, laden with Irish

beef and French wine ; they all judged her a lawful prize, and ransacked her accordingly ; they eased her of her beef, her wine, what bread she had, which was but little, and her water, a little money, cloaths, square-sails, an anchor ; in short, of every thing that was serviceable to them. They dismissed her, giving her short allowance to the next port. This prize disordered the little oeconomy they had remaining ; their success flushed them ; wine was now in every man's power ; they had been long debarred of a belly full, but now they made amends for their past abstinence. What seemed very extraordinary was the sobriety of their captain ; he drank little, seemed full of thought, yet indulged his men in every excess. Mr. Smith, Johnson, and Atall, drank very heartily, but not to be intoxicated : they were pleased with the recruit of pro-
vision,

vision, and Atall toasted aloud, "Success to their honest undertakings." This recovered the hearts of his old companions, and one said with an oath, "Did I not tell you he was an honest fellow, and that he would be glad to make one with us, when he found the profit answer?" "I will be bound for him," says another; "So will I for Smith and Johnson," a third said. "Why the devil should they be poor when we are rich? zounds, they lost more than we did, and why should they be cut out from the profits of our voyage?" Atall would have known the whole secret, had not the captain, who over-heard part of the discourse, just then come in, and peremptorily commanded silence. He then ordered Smith, Johnson, and Atall, to go on deck, when, tho' they could not distinguish their words, they heard they were very high:

their

their uproar lasted long, but, at last, was quieted by something the captain said. They all came out of the cabbin, and the captain said aloud, " Well, gentlemen, I will propose it to them to-morrow, according to my promise, and you'll know by the success whose opinion is to be followed."

The wind continued contrary with a hard gale all night, and their men had drank to such excess, that they were scarce able to do the ship's business. The captain, Smith, Johnson, and Atall, were the only people sober on board; and, indeed, the fatigue of the night lay mostly on the captain and Johnson, and one man more, who grew pretty sober, Smith and Atall being no sailors. Next morning the storm increased, and by twelve o'clock blew a hurricane. By this time their men were well recovered,
and

and were as well employed. The wind was outrageous, the waves rose mountains high, and every minute they expected to founder. The tempest continued all night, and in the morning seemed greater than before; whereupon trying the pump, they had three feet water in the hold. Terror and despair might now be seen in every man's face, all were employed, they stuck heartily by the pump, and at last pumped her dry; but still were obliged to keep both pumps going, she made water so fast. Thus they continued all that day, and so terrible a night succeeded, that even imagination can give but a faint idea of the horrors they encountered in different shapes. It thundered so terribly, and so often, that they imagined sometimes the ship was split in ten thousand pieces; and the flashes of lightning were so dreadful and frequent,

4

that

that they feared their ship's taking fire every instant. The sea seemed to be all on fire, and they were so much fatigued with the exceeding labour they had undergone, that if their courage had been good, (as indeed it was not) they had not strength to work any longer. As Atall expected death, he endeavoured to meet it calmly; but all his resolution would not support him, the present dreadful scene so discomposed him. They had showers of rain during the continuance of the thunder, which lasted great part of the night. In the morning it seemed a settled rain, the wind was abated, but the waves were still very high; as the wind abated, their spirits raised, so that they were now able to work tightly at the pumps, and clear their ship again.

This day they had a flat calm; but were in as much danger from the want
of

of wind, as the day before from too much. They were in the bay of Biscay, where the waves are greatly agitated, almost at all times: but especially upon a calm succeeding a storm, the roll is prodigious; and did not Providence order it so, that the waves here seldom break, it would be impossible for any ship to live in such troubled water. There they tossed the whole day long, without making one mile backwards or forwards; at night they had a brisk gale, which made the waters much smother; their hopes were renewed, and they refreshed themselves with the best the ship afforded. That night there was another consultation, to which, as before, the triumvirate were denied access. Again their captain promoted drinking, and the crew was in almost as bad a condition as the night before the storm. Atall was shocked to see, that

that neither the indulgence, nor the threats of Providence, could work the wished for good effect upon those hardened wretches; the villany of their captain appeared more plain, and more odious. Atall observed he kept those poor fellows continually hot-headed, and that he obstructed every opportunity that either Smith, Johnson, or himself had of conversing with any of them. This made them resolve to ask openly what his designs were, and whither he was bound, which they did next day; and his answer was, that they did but just prevent him giving them an account of his honest companions brave resolutions, and his own. These were his words:

“ As our misfortunes have been long and great, and as we are reduced to beggary, we have undertaken a method of overcoming our misfortunes,

tunes, and of being soon rich. The opulent people of England were pampering themselves with all the delicacies of nature and art, whilst we were starving in a dungeon; they felt none of our hardships, and we might have rotted for ever there, before they would have assisted to set us at liberty. Ungrateful countrymen! we soon will have our satisfaction, and it is equal to us whether we plunder the man who keeps us in jail, or the man that suffers us to be kept there. At all was going to interrupt him, to shew how absurd his arguments were; how notoriously he imposed upon ignorant men, and what misfortunes he was hurrying them into; when he stopped him short, by letting him know he was captain, that he would not bear contradiction, but that he would shoot him thro' the head if he spoke one word, except a direct answer to

to the question he proposed ; he then drew a pistol from his breast, which till now he had kept concealed. " Observe, said he, the rule I lay down ; let your answer be short, let it be, I will, or I will not, and at your peril speak one word more. I will have none of your reasons, no seducing the affections of honest fellows from a man that will live and die with them, from a man that knows the business he is going about, and is resolved to make all hands rich and happy. Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, the terms are the same to you two, as to him ; let your answers be as short as I directed. Are you willing to declare war against all the world, to submit to me your captain, and obey my commands, which will bring you to riches and glory ? If you consent, I will then let you in to our whole scheme, where if you find any thing you disapprove, upon
of good

good reasons given, it shall be altered ; for every man on board is as much a captain as I, only as my experience is greater than theirs, so I am fitter to be trusted with the management of affairs. Our design is to take every thing we want, from any ship of any nation that we can conquer, not excepting the English. You may call it piracy, we call it trading, getting money fairly and honourably : we don't fear of having partners enough, so 'tis not our want of men that obliges us to give you this invitation ; but in part to acquit ourselves of obligations, and because many of our men have a regard for you as old messmates, and believe you brave fellows. Now answer, are you willing ? As Atall was not to speak more than he was ordered, he made signs that he wanted pen, ink, and paper, which being brought

brought, he wrote as follows :

“ S I R,

“ Be pleased to give Mr. Smith,
 “ Mr. Johnson, and me, leave to
 “ walk one quarter of an hour toge-
 “ ther ; we will then give you our
 “ answer, as short as you desire : and
 “ I beg you will now declare aloud
 “ what usage we are to expect if we
 “ do not enter into your associa-
 “ tion.

“ A T A L L.”

The captain read aloud what At-
 all had wrote, and then told them,
 they might consider what they ought
 to expect, if they did not come into
 their measures, as they would con-
 sult what answer was proper for him
 to return them ; upon which he and
 his

his council retired, and the unfortunate triumvirate resolved to have no hand in the villany that was going forward, provided their lives were secured to them : but if they were to lose their lives if they did not join, they resolved to comply, and to leave and betray them the first opportunity. The council soon broke up, and the captain thus addressed them: “ In consideration of our old acquaintance, obligations, and so forth, it is our resolution, if you do not accept of our kind invitation to partnership, that your usage, while you stay on board, shall be the same as hitherto, but that we send you off with the first ship we take, let her be bound to what port she will, except Spain ; and now are you willing to join us, or are you not ? ” Atall answered, Not willing ; and Smith, with Johnson, answered the same : when the captain resumed,

“ And

“ And now gentlemen passengers, for you are no longer companions, at your peril, avoid caballing, the least fault will be fatal to you ; you understand me.”

The captain was so cool a sinner, that they did not question his laying snares to entrap them : therefore they behaved with all the caution imaginable. The crew increased in wickedness every day, and the triumvirate met with insults every hour. They could not wish any ship to be so unfortunate as to fall in to their hands, and yet they heartily prayed to get out of the clutches of their present piratical companions. About a week after this they espied a sail, and gave her chase ; they soon came up with her, for the sloop was an excellent sailer, tho' an indifferent weather boat. She was a ship from Liverpool, bound to St. Kitt's, and had taken in beef and butter

butter at Cork ; had been with many other ships under convoy, but was separated from them in a great storm, and had ten men and a boy: they ordered her to send her boat on board, which she immediately complied with. The mate and three sailors, who came in the boat, were clapped under hatches, and Johnson, with Smith and Atall, were put into a little hole of a cabbin, where they were forced to lie upon one another, and a centry was placed over them. Then ten of their men went, and took possession of the ship; they pillaged her completely, taking every thing they had occasion for, particularly provision; almost all the water and beer; made several trips with both ships boats, and, when they had done all the mischief they had a mind for, they put Smith, Johnson, and Atall, in the Liverpool man's boat, and bid them row for life;

Vol. II. G sending

sending word, that they had occasion for the four men, and made this exchange. They shewed no remorse in parting, and they received as little friendship from the ten men that embarked with them at Bristol, as from the strangers they met in St. Sebastian's jail. With much difficulty they got on board the ship, where they gave the captain and crew an account of their adventures, and in a little time lost sight of the sloop. The captain was a quiet man, and comforted himself with having escaped as well as he did; he was rejoiced at having his boat again, and was most concerned for the loss of his water, tho' he had some water-casks stowed under deck, which the pirates could not conveniently hoist up, and were so charitable as not to stave.

C H A P. XIII.

It again taken prisoner—exchanged by cartel—arrives in England—meets with Hyper, who, notwithstanding his good fortune, behaves very cool—receives an uncommon and agreeable letter—at length discovers the author—embarks for Hamburg—engages again partnership with a Polish Jew.

FORTUNE, whose play-thing Jack had so long been, had not yet done with him; it was in vain to woo the most fickle of her sex, she constantly turned her blind-side—Well might the king of Prussia say, “She is a woman, and I am no gallant.”

Two days after they espied a sail to windward, and they soon disco-

vered her to be a French privateer. She bore down upon them, and they could make no resistance : they therefore struck, and were carried into St. Maloe's. Here they remained near three months, and were at length exchanged by the cartel. Upon Atall's return to Plymouth, he met his old acquaintance Hyper, who was just returned from the East Indies with Lord Clive ; and upon Jack's relating his story, and thereby acquainting him with his present distress, Hyper defrayed his expences up to London.

Atall had not been in the metropolis three days, having cautiously taken a very private lodging, near Wapping, where he thought no one could discover him, before he received the following extraordinary and agreeable billet:

“ SIR,

" SIR,

" Your misfortunes and distress
 " have reached my ears: accept of the
 " inclosed fifty pound bill, and ap-
 " ply it in the best manner you are
 " able. Believe me your sincere,
 " though unknown friend,

A. B."

The tenor and contents of this epistle greatly surpris'd him, and it was a long time before he could conceive from whom it could come. He at first imagin'd Hyper had taken this method of complimenting him, that he might not shock his friend's delicacy; but his behaviour upon the road so directly contradicted it, as he then took every opportunity of testifying the high price he put upon the small favour he was doing Atall, that

it was impossible to conclude such kindness could flow from him. Upon examining with more attention the letter, he found it was written in a female hand, and thought it bore a great resemblance to Fanny's writing. Yet this no way solved the ænigma; how could she come acquainted with his situation, and by what means could she know the place of his abode?

The inquisitiveness of his landlady gave him much reason to believe she was acquainted with his good fortune, and she soon made him understand, that she had been the principal instrument of it. Her daughter, it seems, was in service, and then lived in the house where Fanny lodged: a description of Atall's person, with his name, soon reached her, and this letter was the result of the intelligence.

Though

Though fifty pounds were, indeed, a fortune to him at this time, he knew by experience such fortunes would not last long, without they were improved; and therefore resolved to turn his money to some account. A captain of a Hamburgh vessel, who resided in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had made acquaintance, advised him to take a voyage with him, and gave him a list of such things as turned to the best account in Germany. He took his advice, and laid out four-fifths of his capital in Birmingham toys and jewels, and, in about a week's time, embarked for that celebrated Hanse town.

The reader may, perhaps, imagine our hero was not a little ungrateful, to omit waiting upon Fanny in person, and return her thanks for her genteel and unexpected bounty; but

he had learnt from his landlady, that by her present situation such a visit might be very fatal to her, as she was kept by an old worn-out debauchee, who conscious of his inability, and, like the dog in the fable, was so jealous, lest another should supply his place, that he retained a rigid duenna to superintend her actions, and give him an exact account of all the visits she received and paid; and that it was with the utmost difficulty she had found means to communicate the letter, and its contents, undiscovered.

Their passage from the river Thames to the Elbe was attended with no extraordinary circumstances, except a calm, which had like to have brought them to short allowance; but a brisk gale to the west soon removed their apprehensions upon this head, and they arrived at Hamburgh, after a passage of twelve days.

Here

Here was a new world opened to Atall : the manners, appearance, and dispositions of the people, seemed to him, at first, very strange ; he, however, soon got introduced to a gentleman of the English factory, who behaved to him with great politeness, and recommended him to a Jew merchant, who spoke French, as a proper person to be connected with, in order to assist our new trader in the disposal of his merchandize.



C H A P. XIV.

*A short comment upon Dame-fortune,
and her treatment of Atall in Ger-
many — An adventure at Altena,
with some account of its inhabitants
— His uncommon distress.*

WH O would have expected that the gay John Atall, Esq; who had figured in the best company of this metropolis, and lost his money with as good a grace as any man of fashion, should, in so short a space of time, have met with such a variety of misfortunes, accidents, escapes, in a word, adventures? and that we should, at this period, find him at Hamburgh, in partnership with a Polish Jew? yet, such are the amazing vicissitudes of fortune, and such the impenetrable designs of Providence,

dence, that Mr. Atall, who was destined to be confined to the desk for life, and who appeared to have made but a very slender transition from Chancery-lane to Grub-street, is tost about, like a tennis ball, at every whirl of the blind goddess's imaginary racket *.

Lazero (Jack's partner) gave him to understand, that there were many good strokes to be made at Berlin, where a great number of Prussian officers were just returned from the army, with their pockets well lined with guineas; and he easily prevailed upon him to undertake the journey.

They accordingly set forward, and lay the first night about three Ger-

* This is doubtless a novel attribute to dame fortune; but it is so very characteristic, that I doubt not but the first premium painter, that hereafter represents her, will adopt it.

man leagues from Hamburg. At all was much fatigued, and very sleepy, and therefore retired to rest, after taking a short repast. He rose early in the morning, and went to Lazero's chamber, which he found open, and, to his great surprize, their common portmanteau invifible. He enquired of the master of the house, and was informed, that the Jew had never been to bed, but had returned at day-break to Hamburg, faying, that he had only come through friendship to fee the foreigner a little on his way to Berlin.

This information foon created a fufpicion of Lazero's probity, and he immediately returned to Hamburg, in hopes of meeting with him. Upon his arrival here, he found the Jew had made no ftay, but fet forward to Lubec, whither Jack alfo followed him, and had the mortification

tion to learn, that he had there set sail, a few hours before, on board a Danish ship, for Elsinour.

In this deplorable situation, with no other cloaths than those upon his back, and with only a single ducat in his pocket, he wrote to the gentleman of the English factory at Hamburgh, who had recommended Lazero to Atall, to acquaint him of the Jew's treachery; but, instead of finding him disposed to make up his loss, his reply was, that "he did not pretend to be answerable for Lazero's integrity; he only mentioned him as a person whom, he thought, might have been serviceable to him as a stranger, and ignorant of the language."

This behaviour, on the part of the English merchant, greatly irritated Atall, who returned from Lubec to Hamburgh, and presented a petition

and some had only as much as to

to the factory, setting forth his hard case, and imploring their assistance.

Some days elapsed before he received any answer to this petition ; and he had opportunities to make all the observations on the places, which a man, destitute of money, was capable of. In one of his solitary perambulations he strolled to Altena, a few miles from Hamburgh. This city belongs to the king of Denmark, has many privileges, and is the receptacle of villains of every nation and species : it is a second Boulogne to the English for bankrupts and outlawed smugglers.

Being much fatigued, he entered a house, that had a bunch of grapes hanging over the door, and called for half a pint of wine. The master, who brought it to him, spoke English, and Jack soon discovered him to be an Irishman, who had some time
before

before escaped out of Newgate, when charged with felony. This discovery gave Atall no very elevated idea of the place he had got in, and he would have been very glad to have been clearly out of the house; but the master put many interrogatories to him, and insisted upon treating him with a bottle, which, he said, was a constant custom he had always practised with every countryman he met with at Altena.

The bottle was accordingly produced, and presently emptied, with the assistance of the hostess, and a female, whom she called niece. A second bottle was now brought without being called for, when Jack wanted to go; but the young lady took him by the hand, and squeezing it very tenderly, said, she was sure he was too gallant an Englishman to refuse a lady; and presently the host and host-
 cfs

els retired, and left their niece to a tête a tête with our hero.

The young lady presently demonstrated her profession by her behaviour, and Jack plainly saw he had got into a brothel; she would fain have urged him to have made use of a bed that was in the room, but, besides her having no charms in his eyes, his present situation was such, and his misfortunes so recent and strong upon him, that had he been under no apprehensions for his personal safety, he would certainly have declined any amorous engagement: as it was, his thoughts were principally employed how he should get out of the clutches of the harpies which surrounded him.

Upon enquiring what was to pay, he found it was much more than he had in his pockets, as the lady was put into the bill. He remonstrated with the landlord, and endeavoured to

to persuade him to take his word, but all to no purpose : the honest host told him very laconically, that he must either have the money, or security, before his departure. In this dilemma, Jack proposed to leave a case of instruments, which was the only valuable thing he had about him ; but the host did not judge it of sufficient worth, and he was at length under the disagreeable necessity of stripping and leaving his waistcoat.

He returned to Hamburgh, half naked and very dejected, with a most despicable opinion of the inhabitants of Altena.

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

The assistance he meets with from the English factory at Hamburgh — Justice inflicted upon the Jew — Jack's arrival in England — the death of Fanny — an agreeable prospect, soon clouded — resumes his former vocation — the advice of a bookseller concerning subscriptions.

THE misfortune that happened to him at Altena was a strong incentive to the renewing of his petition to the English factory, and he at length had the consolation to find, that his passage would be paid back to England; which was all the redress he could obtain. The Elbe was, however, frozen up at this time, and he was compelled to remain upwards of three weeks longer at Hamburgh.

Lazero,

Lazero, thinking Atall was either starved to death, or had been compelled to pursue such measures, as would speedily have produced it to him, had the effrontery to appear again at Hamburg. Jack soon gained intelligence of it, and had him secured; by which means he recovered part of his effects, the Jew having lived all this time upon the produce of Atall's merchandize. When the frost broke up, and Jack embarked for England, the Jew was still in prison, where in all likelihood he ended his days, being greatly involved, and all his creditors much exasperated against him, as he was a notorious cheat, and took every possible advantage of the fair trader.

After a passage of seventeen days, Atall once more trod on English ground, landing at Harwich, in great spirits, and good health.

He

He had disposed of the goods he recovered from the Jew at a low price to an English trader at Hamburgh; so that after paying for his board for three weeks, which time he was detained by the frost, and other contingent expences, it cannot be supposed that he returned to England with any large capital.

Upon his arrival in this metropolis, he waited upon his Wapping landlady, to enquire into the situation of Fanny's affairs, when he had the mortification to hear, that she was, a few weeks before, carried off by the small-pox; that, however, she had left effects, and believed there was a will in Atall's favour.

In consequence of this information, Jack applied to an attorney, who told him, he must immediately administer in the Commons; but he found a caveat was previously lodged by her relations :

lations: so that his present enjoyment of her fortune was rendered impracticable, and, in all probability, a suit would ensue before he should enter into possession, if ever he was lucky enough to do it. His attorney, indeed, buoyed him up with the strongest hopes, telling him there was nothing but a little money wanting to set all things right. But Jack had had an early insight into the glorious uncertainties of the law, and therefore built very little upon these flattering promises.

In this situation it was necessary to recommence author; and he accordingly applied to his old friend in the Row, who seemed very glad to see him. Jack told him, he proposed writing his travels, and publishing them by subscription. Mr. Octavo would fain have dissuaded him from this method of publication, telling him,
 “ That

“ That people were grown too sensible now to subscribe, there had been so many *bums* of the kind ; that some who had promised to publish in six months, had not printed a sheet in as many years ; and that others had no sooner received half of the subscription-money down, than they laid aside all thoughts of the work, which indeed they had never prosecuted beyond the proposals ; in a word, that publishing by subscription was absolutely damning a work before it appeared ; and, that if it were ever so good, this method alone was sufficient to give the world a bad opinion of it.” To which he added, “ But that if he would take pains, write it well, and put his name to it, he would purchase it, and pay him for it, as soon as it was ready for the press, or as he produced it sheet by sheet.”

Atall

Atall listened attentively to Mr. Octavo; but as he imagined his advice was solely founded in self-interest, and as he wanted to raise a sum immediately, in order to silence his creditors, whom he was much afraid would reduce him to close confinement, as soon as they were acquainted with his being in London, he rejected this counsel, and immediately drew up his proposals upon royal paper, and settled the plan of his operations, for obtaining the honour of the names of all the persons of distinction in the kingdom. To this end he provided himself with a Court Kalendar, and already considered every name of consequence there inserted as his subscriber.

Before we start Jack a subscription-hunting, we must inform the reader, that besides a Court Kalendar to discover the place of his subscribers abode,

bode, he had also furnished himself with a genteel suit of cloaths and a sword, had taken lodgings in the polite part of the town, to avoid the expence of coach-hire in bad weather, and had sent in his proposals (by a porter) with a complimentary card, requesting the honor of prefixing each person of distinction's name to his work.

Having thus equipped himself, and made the necessary preparations, we shall, in the succeeding chapter, wait upon him in this important circuit.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Subscription-hunting illustrated; with some characters in real life, and many genuine occurrences. The uncommon distress of a petitioning author, &c. &c. &c.

THOUGH the Court-Kalendar might be considered as the general list of all his imaginary subscribers of fashion, yet the intent he designed it for was frequently frustrated, by the numberless errors in their places of abode; whereby he was often led a mile or two out of his way, and, perhaps, at length found that his lordship was either gone abroad, or had been dead some months. For this reason he sometimes laid aside his printed list, and knocked as chance directed, at one time inquiring ac-

VOL. II. H cording

according to the brazen inscription upon the door; at another, where this index was wanting for his Grace or Sir Thomas, as the grandeur of the house, or the livery of the servants, seemed to indicate: but he found himself under great inconveniencies by these promiscuous applications; and he was more than once introduced to a prelate in lawn sleeves, when he was preparing to make his obeisance to a lady in furbeloes.

An accident of this kind had like to have proved very fatal to Jack at his first starting, and which deterred him from ever after making such hazardous applications. Being introduced to a nobleman, whose coronet in the hall alone had attracted our author, the following laconic dialogue took place, after Jack had acquainted his lordship, that he was the author of the proposed Travels, and waited upon

upon him to obtain the honour of his name among the list of his subscribers, being recommended to him as a patron of the muses and a lover of letters.

Lord. What, Sir—You are the author?

Atall. Yes, my lord.

Lord. And pray now, how long may you have been writing such a book as this?

Atall. Between three and four years, my lord.

Lord. And how do you live in the mean while?—What graze upon the shrubs of Parnassus?—Well, well, here's a guinea for you; I'm sure you must want it by this time.—Put my name down.

Atall. Your lordship, will please, as it is customary, to write it yourself.

Lord. No—my hand shakes—I can't write this morning.

Atall. Upon my word, my lord, I have the most treacherous memory in the world—I beg your lordship's pardon, but I have really forgot it.

Lord. What! come to solicit my subscription, and not know my name—how the pox could you be recommended to me?—get about your business, or I shall order you to be horse-pounded for an impostor.

We have no occasion perhaps to add that Jack took the hint, and as he had pocketed the guinea, so he did the affront.

But Jack's good fortune did not always keep pace with this lucky escape. Many were the difficulties he met with to gain admittance, and perhaps, after repeated applications, he was told to send in his name and his business, when he was sure to be informed my lord, or my lady, never subscribed. If he were lucky enough to gain an audience, they desired to

know who recommended him? which if he answered satisfactorily, then they were quite unacquainted with the author, and as they made it a rule never to subscribe, it was high time for him to make a low bow, and as speedy a retreat as he could, meeting the eyes of the servants all the way, which plainly testified they considered him as little better than a pick-pocket.

Such was not, however, his fate at lady Betty G——'s; he was courteously desired to walk in, and after he had acquainted her ladyship with his business, she politely desired him to read his proposals and plan, though she was then at breakfast and had two ladies and a gentleman with her.

Jack thought there was no great difficulty in this task, and began very oratorically, "Proposals for printing by subscription"—but here was a

eloquence

H 3

pause

pause—he had that morning lost a button of his breeches, and a pin that supplied its place giving way, his shirt became visible, not only to the whole company, but more fatally still to a little lap dog, who wantonly played with it during the whole lecture. The mortification would have been less had his shirt been clean, or the same colour of his ruffles; but the truth is the first had been worn a week, and the sleeves were fresh washed that morning.

Vain would be the endeavours of the greatest caricature painter to express the visible emotions of Atall's countenance and features: he was by turns every colour of the rainbow; his tongue faltered; his hand trembled; when at length, unable any longer to contain, the dog turned up one leg, as if by a kind of instinct, and having watered the linnen it had exposed,

exposed, afforded Jack an opportunity of removing him, restoring the decency of his own appearance, and thereby his oratorical emphasis and gesticulation.

The reader will, doubtless, be of opinion that this guinea was very dearly earned; nor would Jack in his present necessitous condition have underwent such another sweat for five times the money. There was not, indeed, any great danger of a like favourable opportunity offering, for the remaining list of his ideal subscribers consisted of those "who would think "about it"—though they never thought in their lives; such ladies as would willingly have subscribed if it had been a volume of Poems or a Novel; but thought the man must be a Hottentot to apply to them for their subscription for Voyages and

Travels in countries they never before heard of.

Though this pursuit was not productive of the most lucrative advantage to Mr. Atall, it was not entirely destitute of satisfaction, as it afforded him an opportunity of hearing the story of the celebrated Miss Louisa T—— whom the world was then so inquisitive after, and which the reader will, we imagine, pardon us introducing as an episode in the following chapter.



C H A P. XVII.

The history of the amiable Miss Louisa

I —.

UPON the confines of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, dwelt the lovely, accomplished Louisa. Her father inherited a landed estate of full two thousand pounds a year; he had learning without pedantry, gentility without affectation; he was representative in P— for the county of— he was insusceptible of all those vices which contaminate the courtier, and too often the statesman, his conduct was actuated by the most rigid virtue, by the most upright probity; after this it were almost needless to say, that he was a patriot in the utmost latitude of the word; or that he was an admirer of the fine arts, or a pro-

moter of those manufactures, which advance the general weal. Such was the father of Louisa, and such his pursuits, when she arrived at that age, which makes beauty captivate and mankind its slaves. A group of admirers incessantly pursued her, to offer up their hearts as the just tributes of her charms; she listened with that affability which is the characteristic of that happy, that golden mean, equally distant from prudery and coquetry. Her heart was, however, not inaccessible to the shafts of love; lord E— was possessed of that insinuating manner, of that easy address, in a word, of that *je ne sçai quoi*, to which the whole sex by turns succumb.

It were needless to enter into all the details of courtship which now succeeded; suffice it to say, his lordship

ship had gained Louisa's heart and her father's approbation.

Connubial felicity now took place. Lady E— was at once the envy and admiration of her whole sex, his lordship's personal and mental accomplishments being such as conferred dignity and honour on nobility; nor was he thought less happy by the men, in the possession of so amiable and deserving a woman. For three successive years, their house was considered, and not without reason, as the temple of sublunary bliss. The fruits of this happy union were two most lovely girls, who concentrated the variegated graces of their beauteous parents.

Such early pledges of their mutual passion might, it should have been thought, have more strongly cemented if possible those pleasing chains, which neither time, or transient fortune, seem-

ed capable of univerting. But, alas! how fragil, how unstable is every mundane felicity! What seemed out of the power of fate was operated by a cause, that had but a negative existence---Inattention. Too secure in the possession of the man she loved, she no longer practised those useful, those eligible arts which should be ever exerted to retain dominion after conquest. Careless of her person, negligent of her dress, she no longer appeared that irresistible charmer, the world unanimously pronounced her.

Lord E---, tho' endowed with many good, nay great, accomplishments, was still a man, and therefore not without his frailties. The fair sex had ever been the constant object of his admiration; he thought, he breathed, he lived but in them---that is, the most beautiful the most amiable

amiable part of them. No longer finding that gratification at home, which he had been wont to esteem the highest blessing, he sought at large for some object more suited to his disposition. But as yet without any premeditated plan, without any certain goal, when lo! the fair Hecataissa, too well instructed in each delusive art, mustered every charm, real or artificial, to tyrannize over the fond, the doating Lord E—. She played the despot with his truant heart, and chastized his bastard passion. Unaccustomed to the slavery of love, he broke his galley-chain. The gentle lenient Eleonora still more deeply skilled in all the wiles of Cupid's inmost school, viewed his lordship as a blind admirer, not her captive. Long she retained him as the self imagined only happy man, whilst
his

his latent rivals were almost without number.

Lady E—— could not discover herself so visibly flighted, without being highly alarmed. She took a retrospect of all her conduct, but could not discern in what she had erred; her marriage-vow she had most inviolably preserved, and the tender affection she bore her children manifested her adherence to conjugal duty. No one action of her life could give him the slightest ground to suspect her virtue: wherefore his conduct appeared to her amazing and astonishing.

Whilst she was thus ruminating, her worthy father entered; he saw the tears trickle down her cheek, the bosom heave; but he knew not the subject of her sorrow. Great was his anguish, when she revealed the cause.

cause of her misery, for till then she had kept it to every one a secret. However, the good old gentleman, whilst he listened as a father, also listened as a friend, as a comforter. He heard her tale with pity, he gave advice with prudence. "My daughter," said he, "thou hast a magnanimous soul, thou hast many virtues, thou hast still beauty; learn then to make them appear equally amiable in thine husband's eyes, now, as thou didst on thy nuptial day. Learn what female has subdued a heart, so justly, so legally thine. Study well those endearments which have dazzled him, imitate—surpass them."

Lady E—— listened with that filial attention which so much judgment, so much wisdom, commanded. From that moment her person became

came once more her study, dress
 once more her avocation, and her
 husband once more her lover.

Howe-
 whilst he listened as a father,
 listened as a friend, as a comforter,
 she heard her tale with pity, he gave
 advice with prudence. "My daughter-
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 bed, I know what female has
 kindled a heart so fully, so largely
 thine. Study well those endear-
 ments which have dazzled him,
 and—
 Lady E.— listened with that
 slight attention which to such im-
 pressions, to such words, is necessary.
 From that moment her portion be-
 came

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

A regular course of authorship—with a few observations that, it is to be hoped, are more pertinent than impertinent.

WHEN Atall was by experience convinced of the rectitude of Mr. Octavo's advice, he would gladly have submitted to the terms he had proposed; and laid aside all hopes of publishing his Voyages and Travels by subscription. But upon Atall's application to know his terms, he was informed it was then too late, the thing had been hawked about, and none of those who had refused subscribing would ever become purchasers. Thus were Atall's most promising hopes of a plenteous harvest entirely blasted; and his
Voyages

Voyages and Travels were never swelled beyond the outlines here inserted.

Octavo, however, engaged with him upon some other projects, saying "if he was not quite so excentric a genius he might do very well."

This hint induced Jack to lay aside all his ambitious views, and enter once more upon a regular course of authorship. To this end he purchased six common-place books, half a ream of paper, and a quart of ink. But, alas, his common-place books remained unspotted, as not one new idea started till they were completely worn out in his pocket. The only inscription to be found upon them was the following *Nota Bene* upon the last page of the sixth and last book.

"N.B. Genius is arbitrary—All attempts to force it ineffectual—No hot-beds of wit or humour—whence arises that

" wit

“ wit is not a staple commodity,
 “ except in Pater-Noster-Row,
 “ which is the only market for
 “ it.”

On the back of the cover there was something scrawled with a pencil, which was with much difficulty discovered to be a note to this N. B.

“ The two universities have been
 “ obliged to compound for an annual
 “ prize poem, which, in fact, proves
 “ them insolvent.”

Whilst Jack was thus hammering his brains for the improvement and instruction of the world, a contest arose between two men of letters, which seemed to promise fair for a literary war, that would afford some plunder to the Hussars of Letters. Ever ready to wait a favourable opportunity of seizing upon their prey, no sooner do two men of distinguished merit enter into a public altercation, but,

but, quite opposite to every other species of beings, the small fry of authors live upon the great, as long as slander and invective will furnish a meal for the geniusses of Grub-Street.

As Atall's pen rolled as quick as thought, he soon brought forth an eighteen-penny touch, which with very little alteration would do for either side of the question, and which sinister and dexter advantages he availed himself of, by printing it under two different titles, and so making it a reciprocal answer to itself.

It is very necessary for a professed pamphleteer to be a thorough adept in this species of two-fold writing, and though the *trade* have given it the invidious appellation of vamping, it is well known, that there never want purchasers for a saleable commodity.

This dispute, then, furnished Atall with the means of subsistence for six weeks,

weeks, besides the ability of once more appearing in his best coat, which had for some months been taken special care of by his warehousman.

Neither Jack's misfortunes abroad, nor his present necessities at home, could entirely root out his passion for gallantry, whenever his dress and pocket would allow him to figure in the gay world; and therefore it is not surprising if we find him in the next chapter amongst such company as we had no reason to expect a very short time since.

C A A P. XIX.

Mr. Atall's excursion to Bath, his acquaintance with Quin and Beau Nash—A few modern characters highly coloured.

MR. Atall being once more equipt like a gentleman, and having twenty guineas in his pocket, he was willing to try his fortune with some other ladies than the muses, whose good graces seldom conferred such permanent happiness, as to secure a bard from future want. This being the Bath season, he rolled down in the fly, and soon found himself amongst the gay and polite.

It has been already hinted, that Jack had some little propensity to play; and so favourable an opportunity to indulge this favourite passion prompted

prompted him, once more, to implore the kind offices of the blind goddess; nor were his prayers unheard, for in about a week's time pharaoh and hazard had transferred five hundred guineas in his favour.

So agreeable a transition in Jack's finances failed not proportionably to improve his gaiety as well as his dress; and some ladies of fashion, were absolutely of opinion, that Atall was a very smart lively fellow. Whether these favourable sentiments entertained of him came to his ears, or whether a Bath acquaintance being of such short duration, and ever after obliterated, was the cause of Jack's not turning them to his advantage; this much is certain, that we do not find he made any conquests that afterwards proved of advantage to him; or that he carried on any intrigue with sufficient success, to get the object of
his

his devotion lampooned or satyrized for want of discretion.

Though Jack's progress in the circle of gallantry was so circumscribed, let it not be imagined he was not more fortunate in the world of wit and humour: this might be said to be the zenith of both, when Quin kept the table in a constant roar, and Nash retailed second-hand good things, without knowing it.

Atall's name indeed furnished the beau with many an awkward pun; but as he was not always lucky in supporting a conceit, it may, with truth, be said he never could rally against Jack's raillery. By this means our hero generally secured the laugh on his side, and having Quin for his second, the master of the ceremonies was frequently reduced to the necessity of giving his white hat a twirl, and making a precipitate retreat.

Lady Sneer, who was at constant war with the master of the ceremonies, for having once, at her own request, inadvertently passed his judgment upon her age, never let a favourable opportunity of this kind escape her; every one of Jack's triumphs she recchoed upon the Parade, in the Pump-room, and in the Ball-room; so that it was not long before Atall obtained the name of the Genius. Quin told him, upon this occasion, that if he had not secured either of the graces in his favour, he had certainly one of the furies for his champion, and could he but provide her with a new set of tusks, he might bid defiance to Nash and the whole Pump-room.

It is true that lady Sneer was somewhat deficient in those ornaments of the mouth commonly called teeth, so that her voice was brought down to

a disagreeable lisp, and when she laughed, the unfurnished distention of her mouth created some unfavourable ideas, that took off the edge of her satire.

Mr. Stammer, who was ever willing to display his wit, by way of simile, said that when lady Sneer lau-lau-laugh-ed it always pu-pu-put him in-in-in mind of the o-o-o-open-ing of a-a-t-t-t-trap-door in a pa-pa-pa-pantomime, after the de-de-devils had gone down—after the devils had gone down.

Mr. Stammer had scarce let this diabolical simile, before whig M—n appeared. He immediately attracted the attention of the company by his uncommon dress, which, though completely caricature, might, perhaps, have escaped such general notice, had not his black gauze ruffles riveted every eye. Good heaven, cried the ladies, what a monster!

monster!—Mr. Stammer, who was very intimate with him, asked him the reason of his wearing those black ruffles, to which whig replied, in turning upon his heel, Do not you know I am in mourning for that b——h my wife? Such a reply from so extraordinary a personage, naturally excited the ladies curiosity to know who he was. Mr. Stammer readily took upon him, with all the volubility he was master of, to instruct them. “This, said he, is the celebrated whig M——n, esq; who has always piqued himself upon his oddity; in his youth he wore silk cloaths in winter, and velvet in summer. He was possessed of a pretty ample patrimonial estate, which he lost at play, through the mere spirit of contradiction, and then took a hundred pounds of the late duke of M——, to forfeit a thousand, whenever he wore any thing in
 I 2 fashion :

fashion : in consequence of which, he has always dressed diametrically opposite to the present taste, and though his grace has been dead so long, and none of his heirs would sue him for such a demand, that same spirit of contradiction still prevails so strongly in him, that he has assured me, that he would rather wear a Turkish habit than a modern coat."

Mr. Stammer got through this account pretty well (though had all the breaks and hyphens, necessary to have conveyed a proper idea of his pauses, been here introduced, they would greatly have puzzled the printer) which was principally attributed to his having, for once, got the better of his natural propensity to similes.

Miss Dorothy Rigid now appeared upon the Parade, supported by two stout well-made footmen, who were at once her buttresses and terror, as she

she had all her life considered men as mere excrescences : and had therefore refused many good matches that were offered her, rather than unite with such an homunculus as man. She held the male part of the creation in so much horror, that for many years she would not suffer a man servant in her house, and thereby deprived herself of the greatest advantages of her fortune, as she was neither carried in a sedan, or would be driven in a coach, as some of these excrescences must necessarily have been assisting. It was her invariable opinion, that it was some defect in nature, that posterity could not be supported, without the aid of those filthy beings men ; and she therefore thought it were better the concatenation of human kind should be interrupted and broke, rather than that such excrescences should have it

in their power to do so much mischief, not only to the sex, but to human nature. When she said this, she had an eye to the barbarity of mankind, who glutted their ambition with bloodshed, slaughter, rapine, under the pretexts of patriotism, honour, valour, and the like, words that she thought had no meaning, and therefore inapplicable to the ladies, who were innocent of any such barbarous crimes—forgetting by choice historical facts, and the reigns of some empresses and queens. But Miss Dorothy was particularly offended at that nauseous excrescence Columbus, who was not contented with discovering a new world of excrescences, but, excrescence-like, contaminated all Europe.

Such then, being the sentiments of miss Dorothy Rigid, how great must be her mortification, when now in her

her seventieth year, having lost the use of her limbs, she is compelled to be constantly attended, nay supported, by two such overgrown excrescences, as now lead her?

This account of miss Dorothy was furnished by Beau Nash; upon which Quin took notice, "That there was
 " one thing his majesty had omitted
 " in his Bath laws, and this was
 " an *etiquette* for the ladies. No lady," (continued Quin) "should be called
 " miss, after fifty, unless she had all
 " her teeth, and not a grey hair in her
 " head."

But it is time to leave wit and gallantry, and return to our hero, who has just had a most astonishing run of ill luck at Pharaoh, and is now reduced to his last guinea.

Bath and poverty are incongruous; we must therefore wheel him up to town as fast as we can, lest he should

lose all his credit in the Pump-Room,
as well as at the Gaming-Table. Sup-
pose Jack then in the basket of the
Fly, which, this instant, sets out for
London.



CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

A journey to London, attended with some uncommon calamities, and some unusual incidents.

WE could have wished, that the finances of our hero would have allowed him to have kept better company upon this journey, as his fellow-travellers in the body of the coach might probably have furnished some entertainment; but as things are circumstanced, we foresee this will be a very dull chapter, as well to Mr. Atall as the reader.

The coach set out in a very hard shower from Bath, and the inclement skies gathered so much additional impetuosity, as soon to render it a perfect storm. Mr. Atall, though he was by this time pretty well soaked,

was so little attentive to the moisture of his situation, that reflecting upon his adverse fate, he broke out with Doctor Young in the *Revenge*,

——— *I like this rocking of the battlement ;
Rage on ye winds, burst clouds, and waters roar,
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul !*

Scarce had he spoke these lines with all the pomposity of tragedy, before he was surpris'd with the utterance of

——— *This too is well———
The fixt and noble mind turns all things to its
own advantage,
And I'll make vengeance of calamity !*

What astonished him the most was, that he saw no body in the basket but himself when he got in, and yet the voice was certainly confined to the same apartment he was in. Had Mr. Atall been addicted to superstition, or
only

only been as credulous as Monsieur *Le Sage's Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Lambullo*, he would, doubtless, have believed he was in company with the devil; but, as it was, he resolved to account for this strange phænomenon upon natural principles. The storm being over, and the moon beginning to shine, he lifted up the cover of the basket, in order to explore his spouting fellow-traveller; but just as he had popped his head out, he saw a man come galloping up to the coach with a mask over his face, and a pistol in his hand. This, for the present, diverted Mr. Atall's attention and curiosity; for after this visitor had borrowed all the cash of the gentlemen and ladies in the coach, he paid his compliments to the travellers behind.

Jack told the collector very truly, and in so plausible a manner, that it

was out of his power to rob him, that the highwayman said, "By G—d, " I believe you are an honest fellow," and flung him a guinea, when the unknown tragic voice ranted out,

Strike off his head—So much for Buckingham!

" Oh! Oh! (said the highwayman) " are you there, Mr. Buckingham, " I believe we must have a little more " conversation with you." Upon which he rummaged, and this scrutiny produced a — parrot!

The collector damned Poll, and rode off. This adventure, for more reasons than one (though perhaps the reader may guess the principal one) began to give Jack better spirits, and as the sky cleared, he proportionably saw the world through a fairer medium.

Upon alighting at the first inn, Mr. Atall inquired to whom the parrot belonged, when he discovered it to be the

property of Mr. H—the actor, which soon gave him a clue to Poll's theatrical talents ; and he found upon the rest of the journey, that she could speak most of the capital speeches in most of the capital plays.

The coach has stopped in Piccadilly, the passengers have got, as well as the tragedian, from the basket—and now the metropolis again becomes the scene of action.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

Mr. Atall falls in company with a methodist preacher, a sceptic butcher, and a Romish missionary. A warm dispute upon metaphysics, when immaterialism, at length, becomes very material, and terminates in a dangerous conflict, which leads to the watch-house, the justice's next morning, Bridewell, &c.

JACK, after alighting in Piccadilly, having a natural propensity to some refreshment, entered a house in the purlieus of Charing-Cross, where he regaled himself in a philosophical manner upon bread, cheese, and porter. He had not long been seated before a very learned debate ensued between three uncommon figures.

The

The first was dressed in a short black coat, a plain shirt, which covered very little of a pair of brawny fists, a clerical wig, and the rest of his appearance gave some reason to believe that he was a sub-delegate of the church. The second orator was dressed in a very different manner, a shabby brown coat with gold vellum button-holes, a rusty black velvet waistcoat, and a bag-wig constituted the most remarkable part of his apparel. The third was a figure of a still different form; a little squat man, with a blue apron and a greasy coat, which bespoke him to be of the honourable fraternity of butchers. The gentleman in black soon turned out to be a methodist preacher; he in the bag-wig, an Irish Romish priest, who was lately arrived from Rome to make proselytes; and the butcher was a sceptic.

Nothing

Nothing less than immensity was the first object of their inquiry, which the sceptic would not allow to communicate any idea to a rational thinking mind, which did not take notions upon credit. The methodist, to invalidate his opponent's arguments, asked him what idea he had of substance and existence, and how he could prove, that he actually existed?

Sir, said the butcher (who had Locke at his fingers ends) I shall reply to you in the words of the learned author of the Essay on Human Understanding: " I endeavour
 " as much as I can to deliver myself
 " from those fallacies which we are
 " apt to put upon ourselves by taking
 " words for things. It helps not our
 " ignorance to feign a knowledge
 " where we have none, by making
 " a noise with sounds, without clear
 " and distinct significations. Names
 made

“made at pleasure neither alter the nature of things, nor make us understand them, but as they are signs of, and stand for determined ideas.”

Sir, resumed the methodist, what is all this to the purpose, your authorities are directly against your argument; your verbosity, founded upon your memory, proves that you retain words without ever having considered their meaning; and since you are fond of having Locke quoted, let me tell you, that he says, Substance is of little use in philosophy.

Upon my shoul, said the priest, I should be glad to know, if with all your philosophy, you can tell how a grain of wheat is generated, and if we believe that, we must believe we exist, and if we believe we exist, there must have been a cause; for we did not make ourselves; and so, my dear joy, there is an end of the matter.

Sir,

Sir, said the butcher, one may perceive by your tongue that you are an Irishman, and therefore some allowance is to be made for your blunders.

Blunders, Sir, replied the priest—you are a very impertinent fellow—who made you a philosopher? you had better stick to your butchering trade.

No sooner were these words uttered, than the tankard flew out of the sceptic's hand at the Irishman's head—an effusion of blood immediately ensued; but this did not prevent his taking up the poker, which was red hot, and driving it full in the sceptic's face, who, by this time, was pretty well convinced that pain was an evil.

The butcher's outcries presently brought in the mistress of the house, who seeing the priest in so bloody a con-

a condition, readily concluded that murder was done; and the calling out lustily for the watch, who was then passing by the door, the rattle soon convened a sufficient number of these staff-officers to conduct every one present to the watch-house, as Mrs. Boniface charged them indiscriminately, not knowing who had done the deed.

The methodist and Jack made heavy complaints at their confinement, as they were certainly innocent, and Mr. Atall had no way interfered in the dispute. This adventure was not now, however, so unpleasant to Jack, as it would have been at any other time; for this being the first night of his arrival in town, and being unprovided with a lodging, he judged it would be a cheap method of passing away the night, as he was certain that when the constables heard the merits
of

of the affair, he would not confine him below stairs; and in this he judged very right, for as soon as the complainants had set forth their grievances, the priest and the butcher were sent below stairs, and the methodist and Atall left at liberty either to go or stay by a good fire, and partake of the spoils of the ladies. Jack accordingly accepted of the invitation; but the methodist being to preach the next morning, he judged proper to retire, and prepare for his holding forth.

This being search-night, many of the girls of the town were brought in to the watch-house; but most of them were set at liberty, after the constable had told them, "he'd teach them to whore," and they had paid the fine of a gallon of beer.

Jack could not help making some remarks upon the injustice of such pro.

proceedings ; but as he partook of the benefits that flowed from them, he held his tongue, and resolved to lay aside his morality for the evening.

In the morning, the two combatants were carried before a neighbouring justice, when notwithstanding the sceptic was the first hostile aggressor, he was set at liberty, as he had served some parish offices ; but the poor Irishman, being suspected to be a Jesuit, was sent to Bridewell for want of sureties.

Such are the dangerous effects of philosophy !

P. A. H. C.

C H A P. XXII.

Methodism displayed in a real anecdote.

Mr. Atall's success as a religious writer ; is deterred from the pursuit.

An unexpected change in his affairs.

MR. Atall's curiosity naturally led him to the justice's, to hear the determination of the affair generated by philosophy. Though he conceived justice had, upon this occasion not exactly poised her balance, yet, considering the vocation and errand of Teague, he could not help thinking he was not improperly disposed of ; and this adventure led him into reflections upon the evil consequences to be dreaded from the growth of popery in this nation, which he thought would be no bad title for a shilling touch. But it was necessary
before

before he resumed his former trade, and renewed his addresses to the muses, to procure a lodging, with pen, ink, and paper; as Jack had never yet been an itinerant author, though he had the example of a certain great genius defunct, who often declared that he produced some of his best poems with a pencil, sitting in St. James's Park.

His present object then was a habitation, to procure which, he perambulated many streets, lanes, and alleys, keeping a constant eye upon every bill, that signified a furnished apartment was to be let and entered upon. In the course of this peregrination he passed by the door of a meeting-house, when his curiosity excited him to go in, and lo! the companion of his last night's misfortunes (for such confinement must always be, tho' of ever so short duration,

tion,

tion) was vehemently opening the gates of Hell to give his disciples a peep——“ You are all damned (said he) all——all——you that go to play——houses——to bawdy houses——for ‘tis all the same, the one are the theoretical, the other the practical brothels——You that go to balls, to concerts, to coffee-houses, to taverns——ay and to alehouses——you are all damned.”

Jack could contain no longer, but rising up, said to the preacher, with a very significant look, “ Are you sure of that ? ” which so disconcerted him, that he fell back in his pulpit, as if in a trance. Every one present, but particularly the females, seemed emulous of giving their pastor the earliest assistance, and amongst the foremost of these was one of the ladies who had paid her gallon of beer the night before in the watch-house. “ Good
 “ heaven !

“ heaven! said Jack, is it possible
 “ there can be so much hypocrisy
 “ upon earth !” “ Oh Sir,” said she,
 “ I am not the same you saw me—
 “ I am regenerated—the doctor made
 “ a convert of me last night.”

Jack hastened from this nursery of iniquity, saying pretty loud, “ Ay,
 “ you are all damned——damned
 “ fools, indeed !”

This display of enthusiasm, joined to Mr. Atall's reflections upon the growth of Popery, naturally led him to consider the dangers attendant upon these religious evils ; and he soon communicated them to the public, who gave them a pretty favourable reception, which tended greatly to the recovery of Mr. Octavo's good opinion, who now advised him to stick to religion, as it seemed to be his fort. His book-seller accordingly sent him, Hobbs, Spinoza, and Bolingbroke, to suck
 Vol. II. K their

their effences, and make the most of them.

Jack had just finished a very elaborate treatise in defence of Deism, when Mr. A—— was set in the pillory for an offence of the same nature, which deterred the author, as well as the trade, from bringing forth this publication.

It should, perhaps, have been taken notice of earlier, that his uncle, the attorney, had departed this life, as usual, in peace, during the time Mr. Atall was travelling in Germany. Mrs. Atall, Jack's mother, being heiress to his fortune, which amounted to near two thousand five hundred pounds, had enjoyed it till her death, which happened about this time.

The editor was afraid that, having once more brought Mr. Atall back to himself and the muses, he should have been obliged to leave him with the

the proverb against him, "once an
 "author always an author," *per force* ;
 but he is glad that this is not at pre-
 sent applicable to Jack, in its greatest
 latitude ; and that he has the pleasure,
 at the close of this chapter, to greet
 John Atall, Esq; once more as a man
 of real fortune.

THE GREAT MISTAKE OF THE
 WRITING OF THIS KIND IS
 THAT AS SOON AS YOU HAVE MADE THE
 HERO TOGETHERLY EASY, YOU HAVE NO FAR-
 THER BUSINESS WITH HIM: THE VICTIMS
 OF HIS PERSECUTIONS AND MISTORTUNES
 ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT ARE IN-
 TRACTIVE IN NARRATION. WHEN A MAN IS
 ONCE SETTLED BEYOND EVEN THE POWER OF
 THE MUSE TO OFFEND HIM, HIS LIFE BE-
 COMES A DULL NARRATION OF MORE OR
 LESS GULANES; HE IS WOUND UP LIKE A
 CLOCK, AND GOES HIS TWENTY-FOUR
 HOURS WITH NO VARIATION EVERY
 DAY.

K 2 C H A P.

C H A P. XXIII.

Some reflections that, however pertinent, will not be expected in this place, succeeded by a sudden denouement, very different from the common run of languid Novels.

THE greatest misfortune attending writings of this kind, is that as soon as you have made the hero tolerably easy, you have no farther business with him: the vicissitudes, perturbations, and misfortunes of life, are the only things that are attractive in narration. When a man is once settled beyond even the power of the muses to disturb him, his life becomes a dull succession of mere regularities; he is wound up like a clock, and goes his twenty-four hours, with little or no variation every day,

day, save a fit of the gout, the loss of a tooth, or the loss of his appetites. But these incidents do not occur often enough to diversify the subject, or amuse the imagination.

Mr. Atall, being now, by the death of his mother, possessed of a competence, he had no longer occasion to rack his invention for subjects of disquisition, or distil his brains in the alembic of necessity, to furnish matter for these subjects: he would indeed throw out an occasional essay for the Gazetteer or the Public, and once wrote a six-penny pamphlet, that was pronounced a high finished satire upon the times. But these might be put down among the casualties of genius, and the paroxysms of wit.

Having thus disposed of our hero, we must consider a little what became of the other personages that

have been here introduced. Mrs. Atall and her brother we have already interred. Mr. Hyper, having been the dupe to men of fortune, in every sense of the word, had been stript of all his cash, and from being almost as rich as a little nabob, he was confined in the Fleet for a small sum at his taylor's suit; and here he supported himself with his pen. Those ungrateful pirates, Harman, Jones, and the rest, were, a few months after Atall left them, taken at sea by an English ship of war, and being carried to New-York, were there convicted of piracy, condemned, and executed according to their sentence. Lazero, the Jew, died in prison, at Hamburgh. Mr. Smith obtained a genteel employment under the government; and as for Miss Leb—, after having coquetted it for fourteen years, and refused as many good matches that

that had been offered to her, being upon the point of losing her liberty for debt, her fortune being exhausted, she had actually taken, for better or worse, a black French-horn player, who had been formerly her servant, in order to screen herself from her creditors.

A friendly and social intercourse still subsists between Mr. Atall and Mr. Smith, which will probably continue till death, as their sentiments and dispositions seem every day more sympathetic.

The vicissitudes of life, which have attended our hero, have taught him the true value of it: the ingratitude and avarice of mankind, in general, make him stamp the higher worth upon real friendship not founded upon sordid interest. The folly and extravagance of those who call themselves the gay and polite, make him shun them.

them as a contagion, that destroys both health and sentiment. A few select friends, a small, but well chosen library, an estrangement from every thing ridiculous or contemptible, render Jack Atall an amiable character, whose judgment now corrects those errors of youth and imprudence, which have, nevertheless, tended to improve the man as well as the scholar.



CHAP.

C H A P. XXIV.

Being the conclusive chapter.

I AM very sensible that by concluding in this abrupt manner, I lay myself open to the shafts of rigid criticism——There is no moral, no fable——how can I help it? I would willingly have concluded, as usual, with a marriage, a great fortune, a handsome wife, and all the accomplishments necessary to render that state completely happy——but is it my fault, if Mr. Atall was not lucky enough to get such a wife, or, indeed, any wife whatever? I have related his adventures as they happened, and I do not think it in the least necessary that there should be more moral in a series of them, when penned, than when occurring. But
then,

then, pray Mr. Editor, what is the use of your book? My intent is to amuse, perhaps instruct, such of my readers as were before ignorant of those things they have found here. The characters are mostly drawn from nature and real existence. I have not rendered them *outrée*, either with vices or virtues: I have endeavoured to paint after the life; and those who think they have discovered a *speculum* for their own features, may assure themselves I am not to blame if they do not appear handsomer.

I have, however, taken care to suppress some characters which occurred to me, but were of such a complexion as I thought would shock decency and good manners: these I have consigned to oblivion, as I would not have this book be an exceptionable recreation to the fair and virtuous.

And now, good Mr. Reader, or good Mr. Critic*, you have all the apology that I think it necessary to make; for farther this deponent sayeth not.

* I do not mean any concerned in either of the Reviews, as I expect no quarter from their next monthly batteries, for certain reasons which the reader may discover in the twenty-second chapter of the first volume.

F I N I S.

[293]

And now good Mr. Reader; or good
Mr. Curator, you have all the story
that I think it necessary to make; for
I have the subject fairly out.

I do not mean to say that in either of
the two cases, as I have said, that
any money has been taken from the
the money of the nation which
has been of the nation.



E. I. N. 1. 2.